

Charles II

1608/5606

[S. W. D. 21]

ERRATA

Pag. 64. l. ult. read *Laudamus*.—Pag. 100,
l. 6. instead of *defend* read *defeat*.

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BOSCOBEL:
Or, The COMPLEAT
HISTORY

Of the most MIRACULOUS.
PRESERVATION
OF
King CHARLES II.

After the BATTLE of *Worcester*,
September the 3d, 1651.

To which is Added,
Claustrium Regale Reseratum:
OR THE
KING'S CONCEALMENT at *TRENT*.

Published by Mrs. ANN WYNDHAM.

The SIXTH EDITION.

With a SUPPLEMENT to the Whole.

LONDON:
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M.DCC.XLIII

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TO ALL TRUE
LOYALISTS.

THE following Sheets were originally published in 1662, immediately after the Restoration, when the Facts were fresh in Memory, and the Persons concern'd, perhaps, all living; which is a sufficient Proof of the Genuineness and Truth of the Account. The Credit of which stands further undeniably confirmed by the Liberty the Author had of dedicating it to the Royal Sufferer Himself.

The Noble Historian, and others who have given us the History and Account of those Times, are too voluminous and expensive to be within the Reach of that Degree of Life, which will appear to have been the chief Instruments of preserving his Sacred Majesty; they

they were not Persons of great Families and Fortunes, who knew that their Honours and Estates, as they came from, so must depend upon the Crown, (though I would by no means lessen or depreciate the Merit of those Noble Families who engaged in the Royal Cause) but the Loyal Man of inferior Birth and Fortune, unimproved by Education and Learning, who perhaps had never any other Knowledge of, or Acquaintance with the Name of the King, but the disagreeable one of paying Taxes to him: I say, when Men of this low Rank are not to be deterred by the utmost Dangers, not corrupted by the largest Rewards, not influenced by the prevailing Principle of Interest; in what a different Light does such Virtue, such Loyalty appear, from that of the highest Rank, whose certain Interest it is to be so. In Justice, therefore, to the Memory of those faithful Persons, who were the miraculous Instruments of the King's Escape, and that their Names may be preserved from Oblivion, and transmitted to the latest Posterity, with all the Honour due to them, the following History is restored to Light. It may teach the Prince to set a true Value upon the meanest of his Subjects: He sees when the Lyon is entangled, the lowest Animal may be of Service to him. It may teach the People,

that

that though for the Sins of the Nation, Anarchy and Confusion is sometimes permitted to flourish, GOD, by whom Kings reign, does miraculously preserve, and in his own Time as miraculously restore them. To see any human Creature in Distress, moves Compassion in a generous Breast; but when Royalty is reduced to the last Extremity, even the Enemies to that Government can't but shed a Tear, if they are not harder than the Adamant itself. I own I cannot but tremble, (tho' I own the happy Event) when I paint the bloody Regicides under the Royal Tree, when I hear their monstrous Imprecations and Curses against GOD and his Vicegerent; when I travel with that unfortunate Prince by the Troops of his Enemies, who thirsted after his Blood, and trace every wearisome and dangerous Step he took; when I reflect upon the Secrecy that was preserved among such Numbers of all Sorts and Sexes, I can think no more of any Human Cause or Conduct, but acknowledge the Divine Hand in every Act, as visible as if the Writing had been upon the Wall, and must declare it the Lord's Doing, and marvellous in our Eyes.

I choose to publish this at this Time, in hopes that from the small Expence and Shortness, it may fall into the Hands of Numbers, who
by

viii DEDICATION.

*by seeing the Miseries brought on the King
and Kingdom by the unparallel'd Wickedness
of those Times, they may for the future have
a due Sense of the Murder of the Thirtieth
of January, and treat the Act of that Day
with greater Abhorrence and Detestation than
the present Age seems to do; and may like-
wise celebrate annually the Twenty-ninth of
May, with the same Demonstrations of Joy
as were shewn at the Restoration.*

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BOSCOBEL:
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF

King *CHARLES II*^{d's}

Most miraculous PRESERVATION *after*
the BATTLE *of*

W O R C E S T E R, &c.

P A R T I.

IT was in *June*, in the Year 1650, that
CHARLES the II. undoubted Heir to
CHARLES the I. of Glorious Memory, *King of*
GREAT-BRITAIN, FRANCE, and IRELAND,
(after his *Royal Father* had been barbarously
Murder'd, and himself Banish'd his own Domi-
nions, by his own rebellious Subjects) took
Shipping at *Scheevling* in *Holland*, and having
escaped great Dangers at Sea, arrived soon af-
ter at *Spey* in the North of *Scotland*.

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On the 1st of *January* following, his Majesty was Crown'd at *Scoon*, and an Army rais'd in that Kingdom, to invade this; in hope to recover his Regalities here, then most unjustly detained from him, by some Members of the *Long-Parliament*, and *Oliver Cromwel* their General, who soon after most Traiterously assum'd the Title of *Protector* of the new-minted Common-wealth of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*.

Of this Royal *Scotch* Army the General Officers were these, Lieutenant General *David Lesley*, Lieutenant General *Middleton*, (who is since created Earl of *Middleton*, Lord *Clarmont*, and *Fettercairn*) Major General *Massey*, Major General *Montgomery*, Major General *Daniel*, and Major General *Vandroze*, a *Dutchman*.

The 1st of *August*, 1651, his Majesty with his Army began his March into *England*, and on the 5th of the same Month at his Royal Camp at *Woodhouse* near the *Border*, published his Gracious Declaration of General Pardon and Oblivion to all his loving Subjects of the Kingdom of *England* and Dominion of *Wales*, that would desist from assisting the Usurped Authority of the pretended Common-wealth of *England*, and return to the obedience they owed to their lawful King, and to the antient happy Government of the Kingdom; except only *Oliver Cromwel*, *Henry Ireton*, *John Bradshaw*, *John Cook*, (pretended Solicitor,)

citor,) and all others who did actually sit and vote in the Murder of His *Royal Father*.

And lastly did declare, *That the Service being done the Scotch Army should quietly retire, that so all Armies might be disbanded, and the lasting Peace settled with Religion and Righteousness.*

His Majesty after the Publication of this gracious Offer, march'd his Army into *Lancashire*, where he received some considerable Supplies from the *Earl of Derby* (that loyal Subject,) and at *Warrington Bridge* met with the first Opposition made by the Rebels in *England*, but His Presence soon put them to Flight.

In the Interim His Majesty had sent a Copy of his Declaration, inclosed in a Gracious Letter to *Thomas Andrews*, then Lord Mayor, (who had been one of His late Majesty's Judges) and the Aldermen of the City of *London*, which, by Order of the Rump-Rebels then sitting at *Westminster*, was (on the 26th of *August*) publicly burnt at the Old *Exchange* by the Hangman; and their own Declaration Proclaimed there and at *Westminster*, with beat of Drum, and sound of Trumpet; by which His Sacred Majesty, (to whom they could afford no better Title than *Charles Stuart*) His Abettors, Agents and Complices, were declared Traytors, Rebels and public Enemies. Impudence and Treason beyond Example!

After a tedious March of near three hundred Miles, His Majesty, with his Army, on the 22d of *August*, possessed himself of *Worcester*, after some small opposition made by the Rebels there, commanded by Colonel *John James*; and at His Entrance the Mayor of that City carried the Sword before his Majesty, who had left the Earl of *Derby* in *Lancashire*, as well to settle that and the adjacent Countries in a posture of Defence, against *Cromwel* and his Confederates; as to raise some Auxiliary Forces to recruit his Majesty's Army, in case the success of a Battle should not prove so happy as all good Men desired.

But (such was Heaven's Decree) on the 25th, of *August*, the Earl's new rais'd Forces, being over-power'd, were totally defeated near *Wiggan* in that County by Colonel *Lilburn*, with a Regiment of Rebellious Sectaries. In which conflict the Lord *Widdrington*, Sir *Thomas Tildesy*, Colonel *Trollop*, Colonel *Bointon*, Lieutenant Colonel *Galliard*, (faithful Subjects and Valiant Soldiers) with some others of good Note, were slain; Colonel *Edward Roscarrock* wounded, Sir *William Trockmorton*, (now Knight Marshal to His Majesty) Sir *Timothy Fetherstonhaugh*, (who was beheaded by the Rebels at *Chester*, on the 22d of *October* following) Colonel *Baines*, and others taken Prisoners, and their General the Earl of *Derby*, (who charged the Rebels Valiantly, and received several Wounds) put to flight with a small

small number of his Men: In which Condition he made choice of the way towards *Worcester*, whither he knew his Majesty's Army was design'd to March.

After some Days, my Lord, with Colonel *Roscarrock* and two Servants got into the confines of *Staffordshire* and *Shropshire* near *Newport*, where at one Mr *Watson's* House he met with Mr. *Richard Snead*, (an honest Gentleman of that Country, and of his Lordship's Acquaintance) to whom he re-counted the Misfortune of his Defeat at *Wiggan*, and the Necessity of his taking some rest, if Mr. *Snead* could recommend his Lordship to any private House near hand, where he might safely continue, till he could find an Opportunity to go to His Majesty.

Mr. *Snead* brought my Lord and his Company to *Boscobel-House*, a very obscure Habitation, scituate in *Shropshire*, but adjoining upon *Staffordshire*, and lies between *Tong-Castle* and *Brewood*, in a kind of Wilderness. *John Giffard*, Esq; having built this House about thirty Years since, invited Sir *Basil Brook* with other Friends and Neighbours to a Housewarming Feast; at which time Sir *Basil* was desired by Mr. *Giffard* to give the House a Name, he aptly calls it BOSCOBEL (from the Italian *Bosco-bello*, which in that Language signifies *Fair-wood*) because seated in the midst of many fair Woods.

At

At this Place the Earl arriv'd on the 29th, of *August*, (being *Friday*) at Night, but the House at that time afforded no Inhabitant except *William Penderel*, the House-keeper and his Wife, who, to preserve so eminent a Person, freely adventur'd to receive my Lord, and kept him in safety till *Sunday* Night following, when (according to my Lord's desire of going to *Worcester*) he convey'd him to Mr. *Humphry Elliot's* House at *Gatker-Park*, (a true hearted Royalist) which was about nine Miles on the way to *Boscobel* thither. Mr. *Elliot* did not only cheerfully entertain the Earl, but lent him ten Pounds, and conducted him and his Company safe to *Worcester*.

The next Day after his Majesty's arrival at *Worcester*, being *Saturday* the 23d of *August*, he was Proclaimed King of *Great-Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, by Mr. *Thomas Lisens*, Mayor, and Mr. *James Bridges* Sheriff of that loyal City, with great Acclamations.

On the same Day his Majesty publish'd this following *Manifesto* or *Declaration*.

CHARLES by the Grace of God, King of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, and IRELAND, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all whom it may concern Greeting. We desire not the effusion of Blood, we covet not the spoil or forfeiture of our People, our Declaration at our entry into this Kingdom, the quiet Behaviour and Abstinence of our Army through-
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out this long March, and our general Pardon declared to all the Inhabitants of this City, without taking advantage of the opposition here made us, by a force of the Enemy over-mastering them, until we chased them away, here sufficiently certified both what we seek is only that the Laws of ENGLAND (which secure the right both of King and Subject) may henceforth recover their due power and force, and all past bitterness of these unnatural Wars be buried and forgotten. As a means whereunto, we have by our Warrants of the date hereof, and do hereby Summon, upon their Allegiance, all the Nobility, Gentry, and others of what degree and condition soever of our County of Worcester, from sixteen to sixty to appear in their Persons, and with any Horses, Arms and Ammunition they have or can procure, at Pitch-Croft, near the City, on Tuesday next being the 26th of this Instant Month where our self will be present that Day (and also the next, in case those of the further parts of the County should not be able to come up sooner) to dispose of them as we shall think fit, for our Service in the War, in defence of this City and County, and to add unto our marching Army, and to apply others (therein versed) to matters of civil Advice and Government. Upon which appearance we shall immediately Declare to all present and conforming themselves to our Royal Authority, our Free Pardon, not excluding from this Summons or the Pardon held forth, or
from

from trust and imployment in our Service, as we shall find them cordial and useful therein, any Person or Persons heretofore, or at this time actually employ'd in opposition to us, whether in the Military way, as Governors, Colonels, Captains, Common Soldiers, or whatsoever else; or in the Civil as Sheriffs, under-Sheriffs, Justices of the Peace, Collectors, High-Constables, or any other higher or lower Quality; for securing of all whom before mentioned, in their loyal Addresses, and performances, (besides our Army more than once successful since our entrance which will be between Them and the Enemy, and the engagement of our own Person in their defence,) we have directed this City to be forthwith fortified, and shall use such other helps and means as shall occur to us in order to that end: But on the other side, if any Person of what Degree or Quality soever, either thro' Disloyalty, and Disaffection, or out of fear of the cruel Usurpers, and Oppressors, accompanied with a presumption upon our Mercy and Goodness; or lastly, presuming upon former Service, shall oppose, or neglect us at this Time, they shall find, that as We have Authority to punish in Life, Liberty and Estate, so we want not now Power to do it, and (if over much provoked) shall not want the Will neither, and in particular unto those who have heretofore done and suffered for their Loyalty: We say it is now in the Hands either to double that Scare, or to strike it off;
concluding

concluding with this, *That altho' our disposition abound with tenderness to our People; yet we cannot think it such to let them lye under a confest Slavery, and false Peace; when as we well know, and all the World may see, we have force enough, with the conjunction of those that Groan under the present Yoke, (we will not say to dispute, for that we shall do well enough with those we have brought with us) but clearly (without any considerable opposition) to restore together with our self the Quiet, the Liberty, and the Laws of the English Nation.*

GIVEN at the City of *WORCESTER*
the 23d, of *August* 1651. and in the
Third Year of our Reign.

Upon *Sunday* the 24th of *August*, Mr. *Crosby* (an eminent Divine of that City) preached before his Majesty in the Cathedral Church; and in his Prayer, stiled his Majesty, in *all Causes, and over all Persons next under God, Supreme Head and Governor*: At which the Presbyterian Scots took exception, and Mr. *Crosby* was afterwards admonished by some of them to forbear such expressions.

Tuesday the 26th of *August*, was the Rendezvous in *Pitchcroft* of such loyal Subjects as came to his Majesty's aid, in pursuance of his before-mentioned Declaration and Summons:

Here appeared.

Francis Lord Talbot, now Earl of *Shrewsbury* with about 60 Horse.

Mr. Mervin Touchet, his Lieutenant Colonel.

Sir John Packington.

Sir Walter Blount.

Sir Ralph Clare.

Sir Rowland Berkley.

Sir John Winford.

Mr Ralph Sheldon of *Beoly*.

Mr. John Washburn of *Witchinsford*, with 40 Horse.

Mr. Thomas Hornyold of *Blackmore Park*, with 40 Horse.

Mr. William Seldon of *Finshall*.

Mr. Thomas Acton.

Captain Benbow.

Mr. Robert Blount of *Kenswick*.

Mr. Robert Wigmore of *Lucton*.

Mr. Edward Pennel the Elder.

Captain Kingston.

Mr. Peter Blount.

Mr. Edward Blount.

Mr. Walter Walsh.

Mr. Charles Wash.

Mr. William Dansey.

Mr. Francis Knotsford.

Mr. George Chambers, &c.

With divers others who were honoured and encouraged by his Majesty's Presence: Notwithstanding

withstanding which Access, the Number of his Army both *English* and *Scots*, was conceived not to exceed 12,000 Men, *viz.* 10,000 *Scots*, and about 2000 *English*; and those too not excellently armed, nor plentifully stored with Ammunition.

Mean time *Cromwel* (that grand Patron of Sectaries) had amass'd together a numerous Body of Rebels, commanded by himself in Chief, and the Lord *Grey of Groby*, *Fleetwood* and *Lambert* under him, consisting of above 30,000 Men, (being generally the Scum and Froth of the whole Kingdom) one part of which were Sectaries, who, through a Fanatick Zeal were become *Devotes* to this great *Idol*; the other part seduc'd Persons, who either by force or fear were unfortunately made Actors or Participants in this so horrible and fatal a Tragedy.

Thus then began the Pickeerings to the grand Engagement, Major General *Massey* with a commanded Party, being sent by his Majesty to secure the Bridge and Pass at *Upton* upon *Severn*, seven Miles below *Worcester*, on *Thursday* the 28th of *August*, *Lambert* with a far greater number of Rebels attack'd him, and after some dispute gained the Pass, the River being then fordable. Yet the Major General behav'd himself very Gallantly, received a Shot in the Hand from some Musketers the Enemy had conveyed into the Church, and retreated in good Order to *Worcester*.

During this Encounter, *Cromwel* himself, (whose Head-Quarter was the Night before at *Pershore*) advanc'd to *Stoughton*, within four Miles of the City on the South Side, himself quartered that Night at Mr. *Simons* House at *White Lady-Aston*, and a Party of his Horse faced the City that Evening.

The next Day (*August* the 29th) *Sultan Oliver* appear'd with a great Body of Horse and Foot on *Red-Hill* within a Mile of *Worcester*, where he made a *Bonhemine*, but attempted nothing; and that Night Part of his Army quartered at Judge *Barkley's* House at *Speacbley*. The same Day it was resolv'd by his Majesty at a Council of War, to give the Grand Rebel a *Camisado*, by beating up his Quarters that Night with 1500 select Horse and Foot, commanded by Lieutenant-General *Middleton*, and Sir *William Keyth*; all of them wearing their Shirts over their Armour for distinction; which accordingly was attempted, and might in all probability have been successful, had not the Design been most traiterously discover'd to the Rebels by one *Guyse* a Traytor in the Town, and a notorious Sectary, who was hang'd the Day following, as the just Reward of his Treachery: In this Action Major *Knox* was slain, and some few taken Prisoners by the Enemy. A considerable Party of the Rebels commanded by Colonel *Fleetwood*, Colonel *Richard Ingoldsbey*, (who since became a real Convert, and was created Knight of the *Bath* at his Majesty's

Majesty's Coronation) Colonel Goff, and Colonel Gibbons being got over the *Severn* at *Upton*, march'd next Day to *Powick Town*, where they made an Halt, for *Powick-Bridge* (lying upon the River *Team*, between *Powick Town* and *Worcester*) was guarded by a Brigade of his Majesty's Horse and Foot, commanded by Major-General Robert Montgomery, and Colonel George Keyth.

The fatal 3d of *September* being come, his Majesty this Day (holding a Council of War upon the Top of the *College Church Steeple*, the better to discover the Enemies Posture) observed some Firing at *Powick*, and *Cromwel* making a Bridge of Boats over *Severn*, under *Buns-hill*, about a Mile below the City towards *Team Mouth*; his Majesty presently goes down, commands all to their Arms, and marches in Person to *Powick-Bridge*, to give Orders, as well for maintaining that Bridge, as for opposing the making the other of Boats, and hasted back to his Army in the City.

Soon after his Majesty was gone from *Powick-Bridge*, the Enemy assaulted it furiously, which was well defended by *Montgomery*, till himself was dangerously wounded, and his Ammunition spent; so that he was forced to make a disorderly Retreat into *Worcester*, leaving Colonel *Keyth* a Prisoner at the Bridge. At the same Time *Cromwel* had with much Celerity finished his Bridge of Boats and Planks over the main River, without any considerable

siderable Opposition; saving that Colonel *Pifcotty*, with about three hundred Highlanders, performed as much therein as could be expected from a handful of Men fighting against great Numbers: By this means *Oliver* held Communication with those of his Party at *Powick-Bridge*, and when he had march'd over a considerable Number of his Men, said, (in his hypocritical Way) *The Lord of Hosts be with you*, and return'd himself to raise a Battery of great Guns against the *Fort-Royal* on the South-side of the River.

His Majesty being return'd from *Powick-Bridge*, march'd with the Duke of *Buckingham*, Lord *Grandison*, and some other of his Cavalry through the City, and out at *Sudbury-Gate* by the *Fort-Royal*, where the Rebels great Shot came frequently near his sacred Person.

At this Time *Cromwel* was settled in an advantageous Post at *Perry-wood*, within a Mile of the City, swelling with Pride, and confident in the Numbers of his Men, having besides rais'd a Breast-work at the Cockshoot of that Wood, for his greater Security; but Duke *Hamilton* (formerly Lord *Lanerick*) with his own Troop and some Highlanders, Sir *Alexander Forbes* with his Regiment of Foot, and divers *Englisch* Lords and Gentlemen Volunteers, by his Majesty's Command and Encouragement, engaged him, and did great Execution upon his best Men, forced the great *Sultan* (as the *Rhadians*

Rhodians in like Case did the *Turks*) to retreat with his *Janagaries*, and his Majesty was once as absolute Master of his great Guns, as he ought then to have been of the whole Land.

Here his Majesty gave an incomparable Example of Valour to the rest, by charging in Person, which the *Highlanders*, especially, imitated in a great Measure, fighting with the But-end of their Muskets, when their Ammunition was spent; but new supplies of Rebels being continually poured upon them, and the main Body of *Scotch* Horse not coming up in due Time from the Town to his Majesty's Relief, his Army was forced to retreat in at *Sudbury* Gate in much Disorder.

In this Action Duke *Hamilton* (who fought valiantly) had his Horse killed under him, and was himself mortally wounded, of which he died within few Days; and many of his Troop (consisting much of Gentlemen, and diverse of his own Name) were slain: Sir *John Douglass* received his Death's Wound; and Sir *Alexander Forbes*, (who was the first Knight the King made in *Scotland*, and commanded the *Fort Royal* here) was shot through both the Calves of his Legs, lay in the Wood all Night, and was brought Prisoner to *Worcester* next Day.

The Rebels in this Encounter had great Advantage, as well in their Numbers, as by fighting both with Horse and Foot, against his Majesty's Foot only, the greatest Part of his
Horse

Horſe being wedged up in the Town. And when the Foot were defeated, a Part of his Ma-
jeſty's Horſe fought afterwards againſt both the
Enemies Horſe and Foot upon great Diſadvan-
tage. And as they had few Perſons of Condi-
tion among them to loſe, ſo no Rebels, but
Quartermaster General *Mofely*, and one Cap-
tain *Jones*, were worth taking Notice of to be
ſlain in the Battle.

At *Sudbury Gate* (I know not whether by
Accident, or on Purpoſe) a Cart laden with
Ammunition was overthrown and lay a croſs
the Paſſage, one of the Oxen that drew it be-
ing there killed, ſo that his Majeſty could not
ride into the Town; but was forced to diſmount
and come in on Foot.

The Rebels ſoon after Stormed the *Fort
Royal* (the Fortifications whereof were not
perfected) and put all the *Scots* they found there-
in to the Sword.

In the *Friars-Street* his Majeſty put off his
Armour, (which was heavy and troubleſome
to him) and took a freſh Horſe; and then per-
ceiving many of his Foot Soldiers began to
throw down their Arms and decline fighting,
he rode up and down among them, ſometimes
with his Hat in his Hand, entreating them to
ſtand to their Arms, and fight like Men; other
Whiles encouraging them, alledging the Good-
neſs and Juſtice of the Cauſe they fought for;
but ſeeing himſelf not able to prevail, ſaid, *I
had rather you would ſhoot me, than keep me
alive*

alive to see the sad Consequences of this fatal Day. So deep a Sence had his prophetic Soul of the Miseries of his beloved Country, even in the midst of his own Danger.

During this hot Engagement at *Perrywood* and *Red-hill*, the Rebels on the other Side the Water possessed themselves of *S. John's*, and a Brigade of his Majesty's Foot which were there, under the Command of M. Gen. *Daniel*, without any great Resistance, laid down their Arms and craved Quarter.

When some of the Enemy were entred, and entering the Town both at the *Key*, *Castle-hill* and *Sudbury Gate*, without any Conditions: The Earl of *Cleveland*, Sir *James Hamilton*, Col. *Tho. Worgan*, Col. *William Carlis*, (then Major to the Lord *Talbot*) L. Col. *John Slaughter*, Capt. *Tho. Hornyold*, Capt. *Tho. Giffard*, Capt. *John Astley*, Mr. *Peter Blount*, and Capt. *Richard Kemble* (Capt. Lieutenant to the Lord *Talbot*) and some others rallied what Force they could, (though inconsiderable to the Rebels Numbers) and charged the Enemy very gallantly both in *Sudbury-street* and *High-street*, where Sir *James* and Capt. *Kemble* were desperately wounded, and others slain; yet this Action did much secure his Majesty's March out at *St. Martin's Gate*, who had otherwise been in Danger of being taken in the Town.

About the same time the Earl of *Rothes*, Sir *William Hamilton*, and Col. *Drummond*,

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with

with a Party of *Scots*, maintained the *Castle-Hill* with much Resolution, till such Time as Conditions were agreed on for Quarter.

Lastly, some of his Majesty's *English* Army valiantly opposed the Rebels at the Town Hall, where Mr. *Coningsby Colles*, and some others were slain, Mr. *John Rumney*, Mr. *Charles Wells*, and others, taken Prisoners; so that the Rebels having in the End subdued all their Opponents, fell to plundering the City unmercifully, few or none of the Citizens escaping, but such as were of the Phanatic Party.

When his Majesty saw no hope of rallying his thus discomfited Foot, he marched out of *Worcester* at *St. Martin's Gate*, (the fore Gate, being mured up) about six of the Clock in the Evening, with his main Body of Horse, as then commanded by General *David Lesley*, but were now in some Confusion.

The Lord *St. Clare*, with divers of the *Scottish* Nobility and Gentry, were taken Prisoners in the Town. And the Foot Soldiers (consisting most of *Scots*) were almost either slain or taken, and such of them (who in the Battle escaped Death) lived but longer to die, for the most Part, more miserably; many of them being afterwards knock'd o'th Head by Country People; some bought and sold like Slaves for a small Price, others went begging up and down, till Charity failing them, their Necessities brought upon them Diseases, and Diseases, Death,

Before

Before his Majesty was come to *Barbon's* Bridge, about half a Mile out of *Worcester*, he made several Stands, faced about, and desired the Duke of *Buckingham*, Lord *Wilmot*, and other of his Commanders, that they might rally and try the Fortune of War once more: But at the Bridge a serious Consultation was held, and then perceiving many of the Troopers to throw off their Arms, and shift for themselves, they were all of Opinion, the Day was irrecoverably lost, and that their only remaining Work was to save the King from those ravenous Wolves and Regicides: Whereupon his Majesty by Advice of his Council, resolv'd to march with all Speed for *Scotland*, following therein the Steps of King *David* his great Predecessor in Royal Patience, who finding himself in Circumstances not unlike these, *said to all his Servants that were with him at Jerusalem, Arise, and let us fly, for we shall not else escape from Absolom,* 2 Sam. xv. 14. *make speed to depart, lest he overtake us suddenly; and bring Evil upon us, and smite the City with the Edge of the Sword.*

Immediately after this Result, the Duke asked the Lord *Talbot*, (being of that Country) if he could direct the Way Northwards? His Lordship answered, that he had one *Richard Walker* in his Troop (formerly a Scout-master in those Parts, and who since died in *Jamaica*) that knew the way well; who was accordingly called to be the Guide, and

performed that Duty for some Miles; but being come to *Kinver-Heath*, not far from *Ked-erminster*, and Day-light being gone, *Walker* was at a puzzle in the Way.

Here his Majesty made a Stand, and consulted with the Duke, Earl of *Derby*, Lord *Wilmot*, &c. To what Place he might march, at least to take some Hours Rest; the Earl of *Derby* told his Majesty; that in his Flight from *Wiggan* to *Worcester*, he had met with a perfect honest Man, and a great Convenience of Concealment at *Boscobel-House*, (before-mentioned) but withal acquainted the King, it was a Recusants House; and it was suggested, that those People (being accustomed to Persecution and Searches) were most like to have the readiest Means, and safest Contrivances to preserve him; his Majesty therefore inclined to go thither.

The Lord *Talbot* being made acquainted therewith, and finding *Walker* dubious of the Way, called for Mr. *Charles Giffard*, a faithful Subject, and of the antient Family of *Chil-lington*) to be his Majesty's Conductor, which Office Mr. *Giffard* willingly undertook, having one *Tates* a Servant with him, very expert in the Ways of that Country; and being come near *Sturbridge*, it was under Consideration whether his Majesty should march through that Town or no, and resolved in the affirmative, and that all about his Person should speak

French

French to prevent any Discovery of his Majesty's Presence.

Mean Time General *Lesley* with the *Scottish* Horse, had in the close of the Evening, taken the more direct Way Northward by *Newport*, his Majesty being left only attended by the Duke of *Buckingham*, Earl of *Derby*, Earl of *Lauderdale*, Lord *Talbot*, Lord *Wilmot*, Col. *Thomas Blague*, Col. *Edward Roscarrock*, Mr. *Marmaduke Darey*, Mr. *Richard Lane*, Mr. *William Armorer*, (since Knighted) Mr. *Hugh May*, Mr. *Charles Giffard*, Mr. *Peter Street*, and some others, in all about 60 Horse.

At a House about a Mile beyond *Sturbridge*, his Majesty drank, and eat a Crust of Bread, the House affording no better Provision; and as his Majesty rode on, he discoursed with Col. *Roscarrock* touching *Boscobel-House*, and the Means of Security, which the Earl of *Derby* and he found at that Place.

However Mr. *Giffard* humbly proposed to carry his Majesty first to *White-Ladies*, (another Seat of the *Giffard's*) lying but half a Mile beyond *Boscobel*, where he might repose himself for a while, and then take such further Resolution, as his Majesty and Council should think fit.

This House is distant about 26 Miles from *Worcester*, and still retains the antient Name of *White-Ladies*, from its having formerly been

been a Monastery of *Christian* Nuns, whose Habit was of that Colour.

His Majesty and his Retinue (being safely conducted thither by Mr. *Giffard*) alighted, now, as they hoped, out of Danger of any present Surprise by Pursuits, *George Penderel* (who was a Servant in the House) opened the Doors; and after his Majesty and the Lords were entered the House, his Majesty's Horse, was brought into the Hall, and by this Time it was about Break of Day on *Thursday* Morning. Here every one was in a sad Consult how to escape the Fury of the Blood-thirsty Enemies; but the greatest Solitude was to save the King, who was both hungry and tired with this long and hasty March.

Mr. *Giffard* presently sent for *Richard Penderel*, who liv'd near hand at *Hobbal Grange*, and Col. *Roscarrock* caused *Bartholomew Martin*, a Boy in the House, to be sent to *Boscobel* for *William Penderel*, mean Time Mistress *Giffard* brought his Majesty some Sack and

Bisket; for *the King and all the People that were with him, came weary and refreshed themselves there*; *Richard* came first, and was immediately sent back to bring a Suit of his Cloaths for the King, and by that Time he arrived with them, *William* came and both were brought into the Parlour to the Earl of *Derby*, who immediately carried them into an inner Parlour (where the King was) and told *William Penderel*, *This is*
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xvi. 14.

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the King (pointing to his Majesty) *thou must have a Care of him, and preserve him as thou didst me:* And Mr. Giffard did also much conjure *Richard* to have a special Care of his Charge, to which Commands the two Brothers yielded ready Obedience.

Whilst *Richard* and *William* were thus sent for, his Majesty had been advised to rub his Hands on the Back of the Chimney, and with them his Face, for a Disguise, and some Person had disorderly cut off his Hair. His Majesty having put off his Garter, blue Ribband, George of Diamonds, Buff-Coat, and other princely Ornaments, committed his Watch to the Custody of the Lord *Wilmot*, and his George to Col. *Blague*, and distributed the Gold he had in his Pocket among his Servants, and then put on a noggen coarse Shirt which was borrowed of *Edward Martin*, who liv'd in the House, and *Richard Penderel's* green Suit, and leather Doublet, but had not Time to be so disguised, as he was afterwards; for both *William* and *Richard Penderel* did advise the Company to make Haste away, in Regard, there was a Troop of Rebels commanded by Col. *Aspenburst*, quartered at *Cotsal*, but three Miles distant; some of which Troop came to the House within half an Hour after the Dissolution of the Royal Troop. Thus David and his Men departed out of Keilah, and went wheresoever they could go.

1 Sam.
xxiii. 13.

Richard

Richard Penderel conducted the King out at a Back-door, unknown to most of the Company (except some of the Lords and Colonel *Roscarrock*, who with sad Hearts, but hearty Prayers, took Leave of him) and carried him into an adjacent Wood belonging to *Boscobel* called *Spring-Coppice*, about half a Mile from *Whiteladies* (where he abode as David ^{1 Sam. xxii. 15.} did in the Wilderness of Ziph, in a Wood) whilst, *William*, *Humphrey* and *George*, were scouting abroad to bring what News they could learn to his Majesty in the *Coppice*, as Occasion required.

His Majesty being thus, as they hoped, in a Way of Security, the Duke, Earl of *Derby*, Earl of *Lauderdale*, Lord *Talbot*, and the rest (having Mr. *Giffard* for their Guide, and being then not above forty Horse, of which Number his Majesty's Pad-nag was one, ridden by Mr. *Richard Lane*, one of the Grooms of the Bed-chamber) marched from *Whiteladies* Northwards by the way of *Newport*, in hope to overtake or meet General *Lesley* with the main Body of *Scotch* Horse.

As soon as they were got into the Road, the Lord *Leviston* (who commanded his Majesty's Life-guard) over took them, pursued by a Party of Rebels under the Command of Col. *Blundel*; the Lords with their Followers faced about, fought, and repell'd them; but when they came a little beyond *Newport*, some of Col. *Lilburn's* Men met them in the Front,

Front, other Rebels, from *Worcester*, pursued in the Rear, themselves and Horses being sufficiently tired, the Earl of *Derby*, Earl of *Lauderdale*, Mr. *Charles Giffard*, and some others were taken and carried Prisoners, first to *Whitchurch*, and from thence to an Inn in *Banbury* in *Cheshire*, where Mr. *Giffard* found Means to make an Escape; but the noble Earl of *Derby* was thence conveyed to *Westchester*, and there tried by a pretended Court Martial, held the first of *October* 1651, by Virtue of a Commission from *Cromwel*, grounded on an execrable *Rump-Act*, of the 12th of *August*, then last past, the very Title whereof cannot be mentioned without Horror; but it pretended most traiterously to *prohibit Correspondence with CHARLES STUART* (their lawful Sovereign) under Penalty of High-Treason, Loss of Life and Estate——Prodigious Rebels!

In this BLACK TRIBUNAL there sate, as JUDGES these Persons, and under these Titles.

Col. Humphrey Mackworth, President.

Major-General Mitton.

Colonel Robert Duckensfield.

Colonel Henry Bradshaw.

Colonel Thomas Croxton.

E

Colonel

Colonel *George Twisleton.*
 Lieutenant-Colonel *Henry Birkenhead.*
 Lieutenant-Colonel *Simon Finch.*
 Lieutenant-Colonel *Alexander Newton.*
 Captain *James Stepford.*
 Captain *Samuel Smith.*
 Captain *John Downs.*
 Captain *Vincent Corbet.*
 Captain *John Delves.*
 Captain *John Griffith.*
 Captain *Thomas Portington.*
 Captain *Edward Alcock.*
 Captain *Ralph Pownall.*
 Captain *Richard Grantham.*
 Captain *Edward Stelfax.*

Their Cruel Sentence.

Resolved by the Court upon the Question.

That JAMES Earl of Derby is guilty of the Breach of the Act of the 12th of August 1651, last past, entituled, An Act prohibiting Correspondence with CHARLES STUART, or his Party, and so of High-Treason against the Commonwealth of England, and, is therefore worthy of Death.

Resolved

★
 before
 Scaffold

Resolved by the Court.

That the said JAMES Earl of Derby is a Traitor to the Commonwealth of England, and an Abetter, Encourager and Assister of the declared Traitors and Enemies thereof, and shall be put to Death by severing his Head from his Body at the Market Place in the Town of Boulton in Lancashire, upon Wednesday the 15th Day of this Instant October, about the Hour of One of the Clock the same Day.

This was the Authority, and some of these the Persons that so barbarously, and contrary to the Law of Nations, condemned this noble Earl to Death, notwithstanding his just Plea, *That he had Quarter for Life given him by one Captain Edge, who took him Prisoner.* But this could not obtain Justice, nor any Intercession, Mercy; so that on the 15th of the said *October*, he was accordingly beheaded at *Boulton*, in a most barbarous and inhumane Manner *.

The Earl of *Lauderdale*, with several others, were carried Prisoners to the Tower, and afterwards to *Windsor Castle*, where they continued divers Years.

* See the Proceedings against him at large; with his Prayers before his Death, and his Speech and courageous Deportment on the Scaffold, In England's Black Tribunal, 5th Edit. p. 156, &c.

Whilst the Rebels were plundering these noble Persons, the Duke, with the Lord *Leviston*, Col. *Blague*, Mr. *Marmaduke Darcy*, and Mr. *Hugh May*, forsook the Road first, and soon after their Horses, and betook themselves to a By-way, and got into *Bloore Park*, near *Cheswardine*, about five Miles from *Newport*, where they received some Refreshment at a little obscure House of Mr. *George Barlows*, and afterwards met with two honest Labourers, in an adjoining Wood, to whom they communicated the Exigent and Distress, which the Fortune of War had reduced them to, and finding them like to prove faithful, the Duke thought fit to imitate his Royal Master, delivered his *George* (which was given him by the Queen of *England*) to Mr. *May* (who preserved it through all Difficulties, and afterwards restored it to his Grace in *Holland*) and changed Habit with one of the Workmen; and in this Disguise, by the Assistance of Mr. *Barlow* and his Wife, was, after some Days conveyed by one *Nich. Matthews*, a Carpenter, to the House of Mr. *Hawley*, an hearty Cavalier, at *Bilstrop* in *Nottinghamshire*, from thence to the Lady *Villiers* House at *Booksby* in *Leicestershire*; and after many Hardships and Encounters, his Grace got secure to *London*, and from thence to his Majesty in *France*.

At

At the same Time the Lord *Leviston*, Col. *Blague*, Mr. *Darcy*, and Mr. *May*, all quitted their Horses, disguised themselves, and severally shifted for themselves, and some of them, through various Dangers and Sufferings, contrived their Escapes; in particular, Mr. *May* was forced to lie twenty one Days in a Hay-mow belonging to one *John Bold* an honest Husbandman, who liv'd at *Soudley*; *Bold* having all that Time Rebel Soldiers quartered in his House, yet failed not to give a constant Relief to his more welcome Guest; and when the Coast was clear of Soldiers, Mr. *May* came to *London* on Foot in his Disguise.

The Lord *Talbot* (seeing no hope of rallying) hasted towards his Father's House at *Longford* near *Newport*, where being arrived, he conveyed his Horse into a neighbouring Barn, but was immediately pursued by the Rebels, who found the Horse saddled, and by that concluded my Lord not to be far off, so that they searched *Longford* House narrowly, and some of them continued in it four or five Days; during all which Time my Lord was in a close Place in one of the Out-houses, almost stifled for want of Air, and had perished for want of Food, had he not been once relieved in the Dead of the Night, and with much Difficulty, by a trusty Servant; yet his Lordship thought it a great Providence, even by these Hardships, to escape the Fury of such Enemies, who sought
the

the Destruction of the Nobility, as well as of their King.

In this Interim the valiant Earl of *Cleveland*, (who being above sixty Years of Age, had marched twenty-one Days together upon a trotting Horse) had also made his Escape from *Worcester*, when all the fighting Work was over, and was got to *Woodcot* in *Shropshire*, whither he was pursued, and taken at, or near *Mistress Broughton's House*, from whence he was carried Prisoner to *Stafford*, and from thence to the Tower of *London*.

Colonel *Blague*, remaining at Mr. *Barlow's* House at *Bloor-pipe*, about eight Miles from *Stafford*, his first Action was, with Mrs. *Barlow's* Privy and Advice, to hide his Majesty's *George* under a Heap of Chips and Dust; yet the Colonel could not conceal himself so well, but that he was here, soon after, taken and carried Prisoner to *Stafford*, and from thence conveyed to the Tower of *London*; mean Time the *George* was transmitted to Mr. *Robert Milward* of *Stafford* for better Security; who afterwards faithfully conveyed it to Col. *Blague* in the Tower, by the trusty Hands of Mr. *Isaac Walton*; and the Colonel not long after happily escaping thence, restor'd it to his Majesty's own Hands, which had been thus wonderfully preserved from being made a Prize to fordid Rebels.

The

The *Scotch Cavalry* (having no Place to retreat unto nearer than *Scotland*) were soon after dispersed, and most of them taken by the Rebels and Country People in *Cheshire, Lancashire,* and Parts adjacent.

Thus was this *Royal Army* totally subdued; thus dispersed; and if in this so important an Affair, any of the *Scottish* Commanders were treacherous at *Worcester*; (as some suspected) he has a great Account to make for the many Years Miseries that ensued thereby to both Nations, under the tyrannical, usurped Government of *Cromwel*.

But to return to the Duty of my Attendance on his sacred Majesty in *Spring-Coppice*; by that Time *Richard Penderel* had conveyed him into the obscurest Part of it, it was about Sun-rising on *Thursday* Morning, and the Heavens wept bitterly at these Calamities; infomuch as the thickest Tree in the Wood was not able to keep his Majesty dry, nor was there any thing for him to sit on; wherefore *Richard* went to *Francis Yates* House (a trusty Neighbour, who married his Wife's Sister) where he borrowed a Blanket, which he folded and laid on the Ground under a Tree for his Majesty to sit on.

At the same Time *Richard* spoke to the good wife *Yates*, to provide some Victuals, and bring it into the Wood at a Place he appointed her: She presently made ready a Meal

of

of Milk, and some Butter and Eggs, and brought them to his Majesty in the Wood; who being a little surprized to see the Woman (no good Concealer of a Secret) said chearfully to her; *Good Woman, can you be faithful to a distressed Cavalier?* She answered, *Yes, Sir, I will rather die than discover you;* with which Answer his Majesty was well satisfied, and received from her Hands, as David *did* from Abigails, *that which she brought him.*

1 Sam.

xxv. 35.

The Lord *Wilmot*, in the Interim took *John Penderel* for his Guide, but knew not determinately whither to go, purposing at first to have marched Northwards; but as they passed by *Brewood Forge*, the Forgemmen made after them, till being told by one *Richard Dutton*, that it was Col. *Crompton* whom they pursued, the *Vulcans* happily, upon that Mistake quitted the Chase.

Soon after they narrowly escaped a Party of Rebels as they passed by *Covenbrook*; so that seeing Danger on every Side and *John* meeting with *William Walker* (a trusty Neighbour) committed my Lord to his Care and Counsel, who for the present conveyed them into a dry Marl-Pit, where they stay'd a While, and afterwards to one Mr. *Huntbaché's* House at *Brinsford*, and put their Horses into *John Evan's* Barn, while *John Penderel* goes to *Wolverhampton*, to see what Convenience he could

could find for my Lords coming thither; but met with none, the Town being full of Soldiers.

Yet *John* leaves no Means unessay'd, hastens to *Northcot* (an adjacent Village) and there, whilst he was talking with good-wife *Underhill* (a Neighbour) in the Instant Mr. *John Huddleston* (a Sojourner at Mr. *Thomas Whitgreaves* of *Mosely*, and of *John's* Acquaintance) was accidentally passing by, to whom *John* (well assured of his Integrity) presently addresses himself and his Business, relates to him the sad News of the Defeat of his Majesty's Army at *Worcester*, and discovers in what Strait and Confusion he had left his Majesty, and his Followers, at *Whiteladies*, and in particular, that he had brought thence a Person of Quality (for *John* then knew not who my Lord was) to *Huntbaches* House, who, without present Relief, would be in great Danger of being taken.

Mr. *Huddleston* goes home forthwith, takes *John* with him, and acquaints Mr. *Whitgreave* with the Business, who freely resolved to venture all, rather than such a Person should miscarry.

Hereupon Mr. *Whitgreave* repairs to *Huntbaches* House, speaks with my Lord, and gives Direction how he should be privately conveyed into his House at *Mosely*, about ten of the Clock at Night; and though it so fell

out, that the Directions were not punctually observed, yet my Lord and his Man were at last brought into the House where Mr. *Whitgreave* (after some Refreshment given them) conveys them into a secret Place, which my Lord admiring for its excellent Contrivance, and solicitous for his Majesty's Safety, said, *I would give a World my Friend* (meaning the King) *were here*; and then (being abundantly satisfied of Mr. *Whitgreave's* Fidelity) deposited in his Hands a little Bag of Jewels, which my Lord received again at his Departure.

As soon as it was Day, Mr. *Whitgreave* sent *William Walker* with my Lord's Horses to his Neighbour Col. *John Lane* of *Bentley*, near *Walsball*, South-east from *Moseley* about four Miles (whom Mr. *Whitgreave* knew to be a right honest Gentleman, and ready to contribute any Assistance to so charitable a Work) and wished *Walker* to acquaint the Colonel, that they belonged to some eminent Person about the King, whom he could better secure than the Horses: The Colonel willingly receives them and sends Word to Mr. *Whitgreave* to meet him that Night in a Close not far from *Moseley*, in order to the Tender of farther Service to the Owner of the Horses, whose Name neither the Colonel nor Mr. *Whitgreave* then knew.

On

On *Thursday* Night when it grew dark, his Majesty resolved to go from those Parts into *Wales*, and to take *Richard Penderel* with him for his Guide; but, before they began their Journey, his Majesty went into *Richard's* House at *Hobbal Grange*, where the old good-wife *Penderel* had not only the Honour to see his Majesty, but to see him attended by her Son *Richard*. Here his Majesty had Time and Means better to complete his Disguise. His Name was agreed to be *Will. Jones*, and his Arms a Wood-Bill. In this Posture about nine a Clock at Night (after some Refreshment taken in the House) his Majesty, with his trusty Servant *Richard*, began their Journey on Foot, resolving to go that Night to *Madely* in *Shropshire*, about five Miles from *Whiteladies*, and within a Mile of the River *Severn*, over which their way lay for *Wales*; in this Village lived one *Mr. Francis Woolf*, an honest Gentleman of *Richard's* Acquaintance.

His Majesty had not been long gone, but the Lord *Wilmot* sent *John Penderel* from *Mr. Whitgreave's* to *Whiteladies* and *Boscobel*, to know in what Security the King was, *John* returned and acquainted my Lord, that his Majesty was marched from thence. Hereupon my Lord began to consider which Way himself should remove with Safety.

Col. *Lane*, having secured my Lord's Horses, and being come to *Mosely* according to appointment, on *Friday* Night, was brought up to my Lord by Mr. *Whitgreave*, and (after mutual Salutation) acquainted him, that his Sister Mrs. *Jane Lane*, had by Accident procured a Pass from some Commander of the Rebels, for her self and a Man to go a little beyond *Bristol*, to see Mrs. *Norton*, her special Friend, then near her Time of lying in; and freely offer'd, if his Lordship thought fit, he might make use of it, which my Lord seemed inclinable to accept; and on *Saturday* Night was conducted by Colonel *Lane's* Man (himself not being well) to the Colonel's House at *Bentley*; his Lordship then, and not before, discovering his Name to Mr. *Whitgreave*, and giving him many Thanks for so great a Kindness in so imminent a Danger.

Before his Majesty came to *Madely*, he met with an ill-favoured Encounter at *Evelin Mill*, being about two Miles from thence. The Miller (it seems) was an honest Man, but his Majesty and *Richard* knew it not, and had then in his House some considerable Persons of his Majesty's Army, who took Shelter there in their flight from *Worcester*, and had not been long in the Mill; so that the Miller was upon his Watch, and *Richard* unhappily permitting a Gate to clap, through which they passed, gave Occasion to the Miller to come out

out of the Mill and boldly ask, *Who is there?* *Richard* thinking the Miller had pursued them, quitted the usual Way in some Haste, and led his Majesty over a little Brook, which they were forced to wade through, and which contributed much toward the galling of his Majesty's Feet, who (as he afterwards pleasantly observed) was here in some Danger of losing his Guide, but that the rustling of *Richard's* Calves-Skin Breeches was the best Direction his Majesty had to follow him in that dark Night.

They arrived at *Madely* about Midnight; *Richard* goes to Mr. *Woolf's* House, where they were all in Bed, knocks them up, and acquaints Mr. *Woolf's* Daughter (who came to the Door) that the King was there, who presently received him into the House, where his Majesty refreshed himself for some Time; but understanding the Rebels kept several Guards upon *Severn*, and it being feared that some of their Party (of which many frequently passed through the Town) might quarter at the House (as had often happened) it was apprehended unsafe for his Majesty to lodge in the House (which afforded no secret Place for Concealment) but rather to retire into a Barn near adjoining, as less liable to the Danger of a Surprise, whether his Majesty went accordingly, and continued in a Hay-Mow there all the

the Day following, his Servant *Richard* attending him.

During his Majesty's Stay in the Barn, Mr. *Woolf* had often Conference with him about his intended Journey, and in order thereto took care by a trusty Servant (sent abroad for that Purpose) to inform himself more particularly of those Guards upon *Severn*, and had certain Word brought him, that not only the Bridges were secured, but all the Passage-Boats seized on; insomuch that he conceived it very hazardous for his Majesty to prosecute his Design for *Wales*, but rather to go to *Boscobel-House*, being the most retired Place for Concealment in all the Country, and to stay there till an Opportunity of a farther safe Conveyance could be found out; which Advice his Majesty inclined to approve: And thereupon resolved for *Boscobel* the Night following; in the mean Time, his Hands not appearing sufficiently discoloured, suitable to his other Disguise, Mrs. *Woolf* provided Walnut-Tree Leaves, as the readiest expedient for that Purpose.

The Day being over, his Majesty adventured to come again into the House, where having for some Time refreshed himself, and being furnished with Conveniencies for his Journey (which was conceived to be safer on Foot than by Horse) he, with his faithful Guide

Guide *Richard*, about eleven a Clock at Night, set forth toward *Boscobel*.

About three of the Clock on *Saturday* Morning, being come near the House, *Richard* left his Majesty in the Wood, whilst he went in to see if any Soldiers were there, or other Danger; where he found Colonel *William Carlis* (who had not seen, not the last Man born, but the last Man killed at *Worcester*, and) who having with much Difficulty, made his Escape from thence, was got into his own Neighbourhood, and for some Time concealed himself in *Boscobel-wood*, was come that Morning to the House to get some Relief of *William Penderel* his old Acquaintance.

Richard having acquainted the Colonel, that the King was in the Wood, the Colonel, with *William* and *Richard*, went presently thither to give their Attendance, where they found his Majesty sitting on the Root of a Tree, who was glad to see the Colonel, and came with them into the House, where he eat Bread and Cheese heartily, and (as an extraordinary) *William Penderel's* Wife made his Majesty a Posset of thin Milk and small Beer, and got ready some warm Water to wash his Feet, not only extreme dirty, but much galled with Travel.

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The Colonel pulled off his Majesty's Shoes, which were full of Gravel, and Stockings which were very wet, and there being no other Shoes in the House that would fit him, the Good-Wife put some hot Embers in those to dry them, whilst his Majesty's Feet were washing and his Stockings shifted.

Being thus a little refreshed, the Colonel persuaded his Majesty to go back into the Wood, (supposing it safer than the House) where the Colonel made choice of a thick leaved Oak, into which *William* and *Richard* helped them both up, and brought them such Provision as they could get, with a Cushion for his Majesty to sit on; the Colonel humbly desired his Majesty (who had taken little or no Rest the two preceeding Nights) to seat himself as easily as he could in the Tree, and rest his Head on the Colonel's Lap, who was watchful that his Majesty might not fall. In this Oak they continued most Part of that Day; and in that Posture his Majesty slumbered away some Part of the Time, and bore all these Hardships and Afflictions with incomparable Patience.

In the Evening they returned to the House, where *William Penderel* acquainted his Majesty with the secret Place, wherein the Earl

of

of *Derby* had been secured, which his Majesty liked so well, that he resolved, whilst he stay'd there, to trust only to that, and go no more into the *Royal Oak*, as from hence it must be called, where he could not so much as sit at Ease.

His Majesty now finding himself in a hopeful Security, permitted *William Penderel* to shave him, and cut the Hair off his Head, as short at Top as the Scissars would do it, but leaving some about the Ears, according to the Country-mode; Colonel *Carlis* attending, told his Majesty, *William was but a mean Barber*; To which his Majesty answered, *He had never been shaved by any Barber before*. The King bad *William* burn the Hair which he cut off, but *William* was only disobedient in that, for he kept a good Part of it, wherewith he has since pleased some Persons of Honour, and is kept as a civil Relique.

Humphrey Penderel was this *Saturday* designed to go to *Shesnal*, to pay some Taxes to one Captain *Broadway*; at whose House he met with a Colonel of the Rebels, who was newly come from *Worcester* in Pursuit of the King, and who, being informed that his Majesty had been at *Whiteladies*, and that *Humphrey* was a near Neighbour to the Place, examined him strictly, and laid before him, as well the Penalty for concealing the King,

which was Death without Mercy; as the Reward for discovering him, which should be one thousand Pounds certain Pay. But neither fear of Punishment nor hope of Reward, was able to tempt *Humphrey* into any Disloyalty; he pleaded Ignorance, and was dismissed; and on *Saturday* Night related to his Majesty and the loyal Colonel at *Boscobel*, what had passed betwixt him and the Rebel Colonel at *Shesnal*.

This Night the Good-Wife (whom his Majesty was pleased to call, *My Dame Joan*) provided some Chickens for his Majesty's Supper (a Dainty he had not lately been acquainted with) and a little Pallet was put into the secret Place for his Majesty to rest in; some of the Brothers being continually upon Duty, watching the Avenues of the House, and the Road-way, to prevent the Danger of a Surprise.

After Supper Colonel *Carlisle* asked his Majesty, *What Meat he would please to have provided for the Morrow, being Sunday?* His Majesty desired some Mutton, if it might be had: But it was thought dangerous for *William* to go to any Market to buy it; since his Neighbours all knew he did not use to buy such for his own Diet, and so it might beget a Suspicion of his having Strangers at his House: but the Colonel found another Expedient to satisfy his Majesty's Desires; early on

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Sunday Morning he repairs to Mr. *William Staunton's* Sheep-Coat, who rented some of the Demmeans of *Boscobel*; here he chose one of the best Sheep, sticks him with his Dagger, then sends *William* for the Mutton, who brings him home on his Back.

On *Sunday* Morning (*September* the seventh) his Majesty got up early (his Dormitory being none of the best, nor his Bed the easiest) and, near the secret Place where he lay, had the Convenience of a Gallery to walk in, where he was observed to spend some Time in his Devotions, and where he had the Advantage of a Window which surveyed the Road from *Tong* to *Brewood*. Soon after his Majesty coming down into the Parlour, his Nose fell a bleeding, which put his poor faithful Servants into a great Fright; but his Majesty was pleased soon to remove it, by telling them, It often did so.

As soon as the Mutton was cold, *William* cut it up and brought a Leg of it into the Parlour; his Majesty called for a Knife and a Trencher, and cut some of it into Collops, and pricked them with a Knife Point; then called for a Frying-Pan and Butter, and fry'd the Collops himself, of which he eat heartily; Colonel *Carlisle* the while being but Under-Cook (and that Honour enough too) made the Fire and turned the Collops in the Pan.

When the Colonel afterwards attended his Majesty in *France*, his Majesty calling to Remembrance this Passage among others, was pleased merrily to propose it, as a problematical Question; Whether himself or the Colonel were the Master-Cook at *Boscobel*; and the Supremacy was of right adjudged to his Majesty.

All this while the other Brothers of the *Penderels* were in their several Stations, either scouting abroad to learn Intelligence, or upon some other Service; but it so pleased God, that, though the Soldiers had some Intelligence of his Majesty's having been at *Whiteladies*, and none, that he was gone thence, yet this House (which proved a happy Sanctuary for his Majesty in this sad Exigent) had not at all been searched during his Majesty's Abode there, though that had several Times; this, perhaps, the rather escaping, because the Neighbours could rather inform, none but poor Servants lived here.

His Majesty spent some Part of this Lord's-Day in Reading in a pretty Arbour in *Boscobel* Garden which grew upon a Mount, and wherein there was a Stone Table, and Seats about it; and commended the Place for its Retiredness.

And having understood by *John Penderel*, that the Lord *Wilnot* was at Mr. *Whitgreave's* House (for *John* knew not of his
Remoye

Remove to *Bentley*) his Majesty was desirous to let my Lord hear of him, and that he intended to come to *Moseley* that Night.

To this End *John* was sent on *Sunday* Morning to *Moseley*; but finding my Lord removed thence, was much troubled, and then acquainting Mr. *Whitgreave* and Mr. *Huddleston*, that his Majesty was returned to *Boscobel*, and the Dis-accommodation he had there; whereupon they both resolve to go with *John* to *Bentley*, where having gained him an Access to my Lord, his Lordship designed to attend the King that Night at *Moseley*, and desired Mr. *Whitgreave* to meet his Lordship at a place appointed about twelve of the Clock, and Mr. *Huddleston* to nominate a Place where he would attend his Majesty about one of the Clock the same Night.

Upon this Intelligence my Lord made Stay of Mrs. *Jane Lane*'s Journey to *Bristol*, till his Majesty's Pleasure was known.

John Penderel returned to *Boscobel* in the Afternoon with Intimation of this design'd meeting with my Lord at *Moseley* that Night; and the Place which was appointed by Mr. *Huddleston*, where his Majesty should be expected. But his Majesty, having not recovered his late Foot-Journey to *Madely*, was not able without a Horse, to perform this to *Moseley*, which was about five Miles distant from *Boscobel*.

Boscobel, and near the Mid-way from thence to *Bentley*.

It was therefore concluded, that his Majesty should ride upon *Humphrey Penderel's* Mill-Horse (for *Humphrey* was the Miller of *White-ladies* Mill.) The Horse was taken up from Grass, and accoutred, not with rich Trappings or Furniture, befitting so great a King, but with a pitiful old Saddle, and a worse Bridle.

When his Majesty was ready to take Horse, Colonel *Carlis* humbly took Leave of him, being so well known in the Country, that his Attendance upon his Majesty would in all Probability have proved rather a Disservice than otherwise; however, his hearty Prayers were not wanting for his Majesty's Preservation.

Thus then his Majesty was mounted, and thus he rode towards *Moseley*, attended by all the honest Brothers, *William, John, Richard, Humphrey* and *George Penderel*, and *Francis Yates*, each of these took a Bill or Pike Staff on his Back, and some of them had Pistols in their Pockets; two marched before, and one on each side his Majesty's Horse, and two came behind aloof off, their Design being this, that in Case they should have been questioned or encountered but by five or six Troopers, or such like small Party, they would have shewed their Valour in defending, as well as they had done their Fidelity in otherwise serving

ing his Majesty: And though it was Midnight, yet they conducted his Majesty through By-ways, for better Security.

After some Experience had of the Horse, his Majesty complained, *It was the heaviest dull Jade he ever rode on;* To which *Humphrey* (the owner of him) answered (beyond the usual Capacity of a Miller) *My Liege! Can you blame the Horse to go heavily when he has the Weight of three Kingdoms on his Back?*

When his Majesty came to *Penford Mill*, within two Miles of Mr *Whitgreaves* House, his Guides desired him to alight and go on Foot the rest of the Way, for more Security, the Foot-Way being the more secure, and the nearer; and at last they arrived at the Place appointed by Mr. *Huddleston* (which was a little Grove of Trees in a Close of Mr. *Whitgreave's* called the *Pit-Leasow*) in order to his Majesty's being privately conveyed into Mr. *Whitgreave's* House; *William, Humphrey* and *George*, returned with the Horse, the other three attended his Majesty to the House; but his Majesty, being gone a little Way, had forgot (it seems) to bid Farewel to *William* and the rest, who were going back, so he called to them and said, *My Troubles make me forget my self! I thank you all;* and gave them his Hand to kiss.

The

The Lord *Wilmot*, in Pursuance of his own Appointment, came to the Meeting-Place precisely at this Hour; where Mr. *Whitgreave* received him and conveyed him to his old Chamber; but hearing nothing of the King at his prefixed Time, gave Occasion to suspect some Misfortune might have befall'n him, tho' the Night was very dark and rainy, which might possibly be the Occasion of so long Stay; Mr. *Whitgreave* therefore leaves my Lord in his Chamber, and goes to *Pit-Leasow*, where Mr. *Huddleston* attended his Majesty's coming, and about two Hours after the Time appointed his Majesty came, whom Mr. *Whitgreave* and Mr. *Huddleston* conveyed, with much Satisfaction into the House to my Lord, who expected him with great Solitude, and presently kneeled down and embraced his Majesty's Knees, who kissed my Lord on the Cheek, and asked him earnestly, *What is become of Buckingham, Cleveland, and others?* To which my Lord could give little Satisfaction, but hoped they were in Safety.

My Lord soon after (addressing himself to Mr. *Whitgreave* and Mr. *Huddleston*) said, *Though I have concealed my Friend's Name all this while, now I must tell you, this is my Master, your Master, and the Master of us all;* not knowing that they understood it was the King; whereupon his Majesty was pleased to give his Hand to Mr. *Whitgreave* and Mr. *Huddleston*.

Huddleston to kiss, and told them, he had received such an Account from my Lord *Wilmot* of their Fidelity, that he should never forget it; and presently asked Mr. *Whitgreave*, *Where is your secret Place?* Which being shewed his Majesty, he was well pleased therewith, and returned into my Lords Chamber, fate down on the Bed-side, where his Nose fell a Bleeding; and then pulled out of his Pocket a Handkerchief, suitable to the rest of his Apparel, both coarse and dirty.

His Majesty's Attire, as was before observed in Part, was then a Leathern-Doulet, with Pewter Buttons, a Pair of old green Breeches and a Jump-Coat (as the Country calls it) of the same Green, a Pair of his own Stockings, with the Tops cut off, because embroidered, and a Pair of Stirrup Stockings, which were lent him at *Madeley*, and a Pair of old Shoes, cut and flashed to give Ease to his Feet, an old gray greasy Hat, without a Lining, a noggen Shirt, of the coarsest Linnen; his Face and his Hands made of a reechy Complexion, by the help of Walnut-Tree Leaves.

Mr. *Huddleston*, observing the Coarseness of his Majesty's Shirt to dis-ease him much and hinder his Rest, asked my Lord if the King would be pleased to change his Shirt, which his Majesty condescended unto, and presently put off his coarse Shirt, and put on a flaxen one of Mr. *Huddleston's*, who pulled off his Majesty's Shoes and Stockings, and put him

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on

on fresh Stockings, and dried his Feet, where he found some Body had innocently, but indiscreetly, applied white Paper, which, with going on Foot from the Place where his Majesty alighted to the House, was rolled betwixt his Stockings and his Skin, and served to increase rather than assuage the Soreness of his Feet.

Mr. *Whitgreave* had by this Time brought up some Bisket and a Bottle of Sack; his Majesty eat of the one, and drank a good Glass of the other; and, being thus refreshed, was pleased to say cheerfully, *I am now ready for another March; and if it shall please God once more to place me at the Head of but eight or ten thousand Men, of one Mind, and resolved to fight, I shall not doubt to drive these Rogues out of my Kingdoms.*

It was now Break of the Day on Monday Morning the Eighth of September, and his Majesty was desirous to take some Rest; to which Purpose a Pallet was carried into one of the secret Places, where his Majesty lay down, but rested not so well as his Host desired; for the Place was close and inconvenient, and durst not adventure to put him into any Bed for fear of a Surprise by the Rebels.

After some Rest taken in the Hole, his Majesty got up, and was pleased to take Notice of and salute Mr. *Whitgreave's* Mother, and (having his Place of Retreat still ready) fate
between

between whiles in a Clofet over the Porch, where he might see those that passed the Road by the House.

Before the Lord *Wilmot* betook himself to his Dormitory, he conferr'd with Mr. *Whitgreave*, and advis'd, that himself or Mr. *Huddleston* would be always vigilant about the House, and give Notice if any Soldiers came, and (says this noble Lord) *If it should so fall out, that the Rebels have Intelligence of your harbouring any of the King's Party, and should therefore put you to any Torture for Confession, be sure you discover me first, which may haply in such Case satisfy them, and preserve the King.* This was the Expression and Care of a loyal Subject, worthy eternal Memory.

On *Monday* his Majesty and my Lord resolv'd to dispatch *John Penderel* to Colonel *Lane* at *Bentley*, with Directions for the Colonel to send my Lord's Horses for him that Night about Midnight, and to expect him at the usual Place: My Lord accordingly goes to *Bentley* again, to make Way for his Majesty's Reception there, pursuant to a Resolution taken up by his Majesty to go Westward, under the Protection of Mrs. *Jane Lane's* Pass; it being most probable, that the Rebels wholly pursued his Majesty Northwards, and would not at all suspect him gone into the West.

This *Monday* afternoon, Mr. *Whitgreave* had Notice that some Soldiers were in the

Neighbourhood, intending to apprehend him, upon Information that he had been at *Worcester* Fight: The King was then laid down upon Mr. *Huddleston's* Bed, but Mr. *Whitgreave* presently secures his Royal Guest in the secret Place, and my Lord also, leaves open all the Chamber Doors, and goes boldly down to the Soldiers, assuring them (as his Neighbours also testified) that he had not been from home in a Fortnight then last past; with which Assurance the Soldiers were satisfied, and came not up Stairs at all.

In this Interval the Rebels had taken a Cornet in *Cheshire*, who came in his Majesty's Troop to *Whiteladies*, and either by Menaces, or some other Way, had extorted his Confession from him concerning the King (whom these Blood-hounds sought with all possible Diligence) that he came in Company with his Majesty to *Whiteladies*, where the Rebels had no small Hopes to find him; whereupon they posted thither without ever drawing Bit, almost kill'd their Horses, and brought their faint-hearted Prisoner with them.

Being come to *Whiteladies*, on *Tuesday*, they called for Mr. *George Giffard*, who lived in an Apartment of the House, presented a Pistol to his Breast, and bad him confess where the King was, or he should presently die. Mr. *Giffard* was too loyal, and too much a Gentleman to be frighted into any Infidelity, resolutely

resolutely denies the knowing any more, but that divers Cavaliers came thither on *Wednesday* Night, eat up their Provision, and departed; and that he was as ignorant who they were, as whence they came, or whither they went, and begged, if he must die, that they would first give him Leave to say a few Prayers. One of these Villains answered, *If you can tell us no News of the King, you shall say no Prayers*: But his discreet Answer did somewhat assuage the Fury of their Leader. They used the like Threats and Violence (mingled notwithstanding with high Promises of Reward) to Mrs. *Anne Andrew* (to whose Custody some of the King's Cloaths, when he first took upon him the Disguise were committed) who (like a true *Virago*) faithfully sustain'd the one, and loyally refused the other, which put the Rebels into such a Fury, that they searched every Corner of the House, broke down much of the Wainscot, and at last beat the Intelligencer severely, for making them lose their Labour.

During this *Tuesday* in my Lord *Wilmot's* Absence, his Majesty was for the most part attended by Mr. *Huddleston*, Mr. *Whitgreave* being much abroad in the Neighbourhood, and Mrs. *Whitgreave* below Stairs, both inquisitive after News, and the Motions of the Soldiery, in order to the Preservation of their Royal Guest. The old Gentlewoman was this
Day

Day told by a Countryman, who came to her House, that he heard the King, upon his Retreat, had beaten his Enemies at *Warrington-Bridge*; and that there were three Kings come in to his Assistance; which Story she related to his Majesty for Divertisement, who smiling, answered, *Surely they are the three Kings of Colen come down from Heaven, for I can imagine none else.*

The same Day his Majesty out of the Closet Window, espied two Soldiers, who passed by the Gate in the Road, and told Mr. *Huddleston*, he knew one of them to be a *Highlander*, and of his own Regiment; who little thought his King and Colonel to be so near.

And his Majesty for entertainment of the Time was pleased to discourse with Mr. *Huddleston* the Particulars of the Battle of *Worcester* (the same in Substance with what is before related) and by some Words which his Majesty let fall, it might easily be collected that that his Counsels had been too often sooner discovered to the Rebels, than executed by his Loyal Subjects.

Mr. *Huddleston* had under his Charge young Sir *John Preston*, Mr. *Thomas Playn*, and Mr. *Francis Reynolds*, and on this *Tuesday* in the Morning (the better to conceal his Majesty's being in the House, and excuse his own, more than usual long Stay above Stairs) pretended himself to be indisposed and afraid of the Soldiers

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diers, and therefore let his Scholars at several Garret Windows, and Barreys the Roads, to watch and give Notice when they saw any Troopers coming: This Service the Youths performed very diligently all Day, and at Night when they were at Supper, Sir John called upon his Companions, and said (more truly than he imagined) *Come Lads, let us eat lustily, for we have been upon the Life-Guard to Day.*

This very Day (September the 19th) the Rebels at *Westminster* (in further Pursuance of their bloody Designs) set forth a Proclamation, for the Discovery and apprehending CHARLES STUART (for so their frontless Impudence usually stiled his sacred Majesty) his Adherents and Abettors, with Promise of 1000 l. Reward to whomsoever should apprehend him (so vile a Price they set upon so inestimable a Jewel.) And besides, gave strict Command to all Officers of Port-Towns, that they should permit no Person to pass beyond Sea, without special License. *And* 1 Sam. xxiii. 14. *Saul sought David every Day, but God delivered him not into his Hands.*

On Tuesday Night, between twelve and one a Clock, the Lord *Wilmot* sent Colonel *Lane* to attend his Majesty to *Bently*, Mr. *Whitgreave* meets the Colonel at the Place appointed, and brings him to the Corner of his Orchard, where the Colonel thought fit to stay

stay whilst Mr. *Whitgreave* goes in and acquaints the King that he was come: Whereupon his Majesty took his Leave of Mrs. *Whitgreave*, saluted her and gave her many Thanks for his Entertainment, but was pleased to be more particular with Mr. *Whitgreave* and Mr. *Huddleston*, not only by giving them Thanks, but by telling them, he was very sensible of the Dangers they might incur by entertaining him, if it should chance to be discovered to the Rebels; therefore his Majesty advised them to be very careful of themselves, and gave them Direction to repair to a Merchant in *London*, who should have Order to furnish them with Monies and Means of Conveyance to go beyond Sea, if they thought fit.

After his Majesty had vouchsafed these gracious Expressions to Mr. *Whitgreave* and Mr. *Huddleston*, they told his Majesty, all the Service they could now do him, was to pray heartily to Almighty God for his Safety and Preservation, and then kneeling down, his Majesty gave them his Hand to kiss, and so went down the Stairs with them into the Orchard, where Mr. *Whitgreave* both humbly and faithfully delivered his great Charge into Colonel *Lane's* Hands, telling the Colonel who the Person was he there presented.

The Night was both dark and cold, and his Majesty's Cloathing thin, therefore Mr. *Huddleston* humbly offered his Majesty a Cloak, which

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which he was pleased to accept, and wore to *Bentley*, from whence Mr. *Huddleston* afterwards received it.

As soon as Mr. *Whitgreave* and Mr. *Huddleston* heard his Majesty was not only got safe to *Bentley*, but marched securely from thence, they began to reflect upon his Advice, and lest any Discovery should be made of what had been acted at *Moseley*, they both absented themselves from Home; the one went to *London*, the other to a Friend's House in *Warwickshire*, where they lived privately till such Time as they heard his Majesty was safely arrived in *France*, and that no Part of the afore-said Transactions at *Moseley* had been discovered to the Rebels, and then returned Home.

This Mr. *Whitgreave* was descended of the ancient Family of the *Whitgreaves* of *Barton*, in the County of *Stafford*, and was first a Cornet, afterwards Lieutenant to Captain *Thomas Giffard*, in the first War for his Majesty King CHARLES the First.

Mr. *John Huddleston* was a younger Brother of the renowned Family of the House of *Hutton John*, in the County of *Cumberland*, and was a Gentleman Voluntier in his late Majesty's Service, first under Sir *John Presto*, the Elder, till Sir *John* was rendered unserviceable by the desperate Wounds he received in that Service, and after under Col. *Ralph Pudsey* at *Newark*.

His Majesty being safely conveyed to *Bentley* by Colonel *Lane*, stay'd there but a short Time, took the Opportunity of Mrs. *Jane's* Pass, and rode before her to *Bristol*, the Lord *Wilmot* attending, by another Way at a Distance. In all which Journey Mrs. *Lane* performed the Part of a most faithful and prudent Servant to his Majesty, shewing her Observation, when an Opportunity would allow it, and at other Times acting the Part in the Disguise with much Discretion.

But the Particulars of his Majesty's Arrival at *Bristol*, and the Houses of several Loyal Subjects, both in *Somersetshire*, *Dorsetshire*, *Wiltshire*, *Hampshire*, and so to *Bright-hampton* in *Sussex*, where he on the 15th of *October* 1651, took Shipping, and landed securely in *France* the next Morning; and the several Accidents, Hardships, and Encounters, in all that Journey, must be the admired Subject of the Second Part of his History.

The very next Day after his Majesty left *Boscobel*, being *Monday* the eighth of *September*, two Parties of Rebels came thither, the one being Part of the County Troop, who searched the House with some Civility; the other (Captain *Broadway's* Men) did it with more Severity, eat up their little Store of Provision, plunder'd the House of what was portable, and one of them presented a Pistol to *William Penderel*, and much frightened my
Dame

Dame *Joan*; yet both Parties returned as ignorant, as they came, of that Intelligence they so greedily sought after.

This Danger being over, honest *William* began to think of making Satisfaction for the fat Mutton, and accordingly tendered Mr. *Staunton* its worth in Money; but *Staunton* understanding the Sheep was killed for the Relief of some honest Cavaliers, who had been sheltered at *Boscobel*, refused to take the Money, but wished, much good it might do them.

These *Penderels* were of honest Parentage, but mean Degree, six Brothers born at *Hobbal Grange* in the Parish of *Tong*, and County of *Salop*; *William*, *John*, *Richard*, *Humphrey*, *Thomas*, and *George*; *John*, *Thomas* and *George*, were Soldiers in the first War for K. CHARLES I. *Thomas* was slain at *Stow* Fight, *William*, as you have heard, was a Servant at *Boscobel*, *Humphrey* a Miller, and *Richard* rented Part of *Hobbal Grange*.

His Majesty had not been long gone from *Boscobel*, but Colonel *Carlis* sent *William Penderel* to Mr. *Humphrey Ironmonger*, his old Friend at *Wolverhampton*; who not only procured him a Pass from some of the Rebel-Commanders in a disguised Name to go to *London*, but furnished him with Money for his Journey, by Means whereof he got safe thither, and from thence into *Holland*, where he

brought the first happy News of his Majesty's Safety to his Royal Sister the Princess of Orange.

This Colonel *William Carlis* was born at *Brom-hall* in *Staffordshire*, within two Miles of *Boscobel*, of good Parentage, was a Person of approved Valour, and engaged all along in the first War for King CHARLES I. of happy Memory; and since his Death was no less active for his Royal Son; for which, and his particular Service and Fidelity before mentioned, his Majesty was pleas'd by Letters Patents under the Great Seal of *England* to give him, by the Name of *William Carlos* (which in *Spanish* signifies *Charles*) a very honourable Coat of Arms, *in perpetuam rei Memoriam*, as 'tis express'd in the Letters Patents,

The Oak is now properly call'd, *The Royal Oak of Boscobel*, nor will it lose that Name whilst it continues a Tree, nor that Tree a Memory, whilst we have an Inn left in *England*, since the *Royal Oak* is now become a frequent Sign both in *London*, and all the chief Cities of this Kingdom. And since his Majesty's happy Restauration, that these Mysteries have been revealed, hundreds of People for many Miles round, have flock'd to see the famous *Boscobel*, which (as you've heard) had once the Honour to be the Palace of his sacred Majesty, but chiefly to behold the *Royal Oak*, which has been deprived of all its young Boughs by the numerous Visitors of it, who keep

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keep them in Memory of his Majesty's happy Preservation; insomuch that Mr. *Fitzherbern*, who was afterwards Proprietor; was forced in a due Season of the Year, to crop Part of it, for its Preservation, and put himself to the Charge of fencing it about with a high Pale, the better to transmit the happy Memory of it to Posterity.

This *Boscobel-House* has yet been a third time fortunate; for after Sir *George Booth's* Forces were routed in *Cheshire* in *August* 1659, the Lord *Brereton*, who was engaged with him, took Sanctuary there for some Time, and was preserved.

When his Majesty was thus happily convey'd away by Colonel *Lane* and his Sister, the Rebels had an Intimation that some of the Brothers were instrumental in his Preservation; so that besides the Temptations *Humphrey* overcame at *Shesnal*, *William Penderel* was twice questioned at *Shrewsbury* on the same Account by Captain *Fox* and one *Lluelin* a Sequestrator, and *Richard* was much threatned by a peevish Neighbour at *White-ladies*; but neither Threats nor Temptations were able to batter the Fort of their Loyalty.

After this unhappy Defeat of his Majesty's Army at *Worcester*; Good God! In what strange canting Language did the *Fanatics* communicate their Exultations to one another; particularly

particularly in a Letter (hypocritically pretended to be written from the Church of Christ at *Wrexham*, and Printed in the *Diurnal*, Nov. 10. 1651) there is this malignant Expression, *Christ has revealed his own Arm, and broke the Arm of the Mighty once again, and now lastly at Worcester; so that we conclude (in Ezekiel's Phrase) there will be found no Roller to bind the late King's Arm to hold a Sword again, &c.* And that you may know who these false Prophets were, the Letter was thus subscribed.

Daniel Lloyd, Mor. Lloyd, John Brown, Edw. Taylor, An. Maddokes, Dav. Maurice. Men who measured Causes by that Success, which fell out according to their evil Desires, not considering that God intended, in his own good Time, *To establish the King's Throne with Justice*, Prov. 25.

After the King had entered into Dan. i. 9. *the Kingdom, and returned to his own Land*, the five Brothers attended him at *White-Hall* on *Wednesday* the 13th of *June*, 1660. when his Majesty was pleased to own their faithful Service, and graciously dismissed them with a Princely Reward.

And soon after Mr. *Huddleston* and Mr. *Whiggreave* made their humble Addresses to his Majesty; from whom they likewise received a gracious Acknowledgment of their Service

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vice and Fidelity to him at *Moseley*; and this in so high a Degree of Gratitude, and with such a condescending Frame of Spirit, not at all puff'd up with Prosperity, as cannot be parallel'd in the best of Kings.

Here let us with all glad and thankful Hearts humbly contemplate the admirable Providence of Almighty God, who contrived such wonderful Ways, and made use of such mean Instruments for the Preservation of so great a Person. Let us delight to reflect minutely on every particular, and especially on such as most approach to Miracle; let us sum up the Number of those, who were privy to this first and principal Part of his Majesty's disguise and concealment: Mr. *Giffard*, the five *Penderels*, their Mother, and Three of their Wives, Colonel *Carlos*, *Francis Yeates*, and his Wife, divers of the Inhabitants of *Whiteladies* (which then held 5 several Families) Mr. *Woolf*, his Wife, Son, Daughter and Maid, Mr. *Whitgreave* and his Mother, Mr. *Huddleston*, Colonel *Lane* and his Sister; and then consider if it were not a Miracle, that so many Men, and which is far more, so many Women should faithfully conceal so important and unusual a Secret; and this notwithstanding the Temptations and Promises of Reward on the one Hand, and the Danger and Menaces of Punishment on the other.

To

To which I shall add but this one Circumstance, that it was perform'd by Persons, for the most Part, of that Religion which has long suffer'd under an Imputation (laid on them by some mistaken Zealots) of Disloyalty to their Sovereign.

And now, as we have thus thankfully commemorated the wonderful *Preservation* of his Majesty, what remains, but that we should return due Thanks and Praises for his no less miraculous *RESTORATION*; who after a long Series of Misfortunes, and variety of Afflictions, after he had been hunted to and fro like a *Partridge upon the Mountains*, was in God's due Time, appointed to sit, as his Vicegerent, upon the Throne of his Ancestors; and called forth to govern his own People, when they least expected him. For which all the Nation, even all the three Nations, had just Cause to sing.

Te Deum Laudamus ^{*Mus*}

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BOSCOBEL:

OR, THE

HISTORY

Of the most MIRACULOUS

PRESERVATION

OF

King CHARLES II.

After the BATTLE of *Worcester*,

September the 3d, 1651.

PART II.

PSAL. xix. 15.

*He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with
him in Trouble; I will deliver him, and will honour him.*

LONDON: Printed in the Year 1743.

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PREFACE.

THE First Part of this Miraculous History, I long since published, having the Means to be well informed in all Circumstances relating to it; the Scene (whereon those great Actions were performed) being my native Country, and many of the Actors my Particular Friends.

I did not then intend to have proceeded farther, presuming some of those worthy Persons of the West (who were the happy Instruments in this Second Part) would have given us that so much desired Supplement; the rather since the Publication of the wonderful Series of this great Work, wherein the Hand of God so miraculously appeared, in Preservation of Him, whom the *1 Sam. x. 24.* Lord hath chosen, must needs open the Eyes, and convert the Hearts of the most Disloyal.

But finding, in all this Time, nothing done, and the World more greedy of it, than ever young Ladies were to read the Conclusion of an amorous strange Romance, after they had left the darling Lover plunged into some dire Misfortune, I have thus endeavoured to compleat the History.

Chiefly encouraged hereunto, by an Express from Lisbon, wherein 'tis certified, that (besides the Translation of the First part of Boscobel into French) Mr. Peter Giffard of Whiteladies has lately made it speak Portuguese, and presented it to the Infanta, our most excellent Queen, who was pleased to accept it with Grace, and peruse it with Passion, intimating her Royal Desire to see the Particulars, how the Hand of Providence had led the great Monarch of her Heart out of the treacherous Snares of so many Rebels.

In this, I dare not undertake to deliver so many Particulars, as in the former; for tho' the Time of his Majesty's Stay in those Western Parts was longer, yet the Places were more remote, and my Lord Wilmot (the principal Agent) dead: But I will again confidently promise to write nothing but Truth, as near as a severe Scrutiny can inform me.

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And perhaps a less Exactness in Circumstantials will better please some, who (as I have heard) object against my former Endeavours on this Royal Subject as too minutely written, and Particulars set down of too mean a Concern, for which I have yet the Example of that renowned Historian Famian Strada to protect me, who writing of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, mentions what Meat he fed on such a day, what Cloaths he wore another Time, and gives this Reason, That it pleases, to know every thing that Princes do, especially when by a Chain of Providences, whose every Link seems small and weak in its single self, so great a Blessing will, at last, be drawn in amongst us.

De Bello
Belgico.

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xxiii. 17

That Part of this unparallelled Relation of a King, which here I undertake to deliver, may fitly, I think, be called, The Second Stage of the Royal Progress, wherein, as I am sure every good Subject will be astonished to read the Hardships and Difficulties his Majesty encountered in this long and perilous Journey; so will they be even overjoy'd to find him, at last (by the Conduct of Heaven) brought safe to Paris, where my humble Endeavours leave him, thus comforted by the Prophet.

Fear not, for the Hand of Saul shall not find Thee, and Thou shalt be King over Israel.

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BOSCOBEL:
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Most miraculous PRESERVATION after
the BATTLE of
WORCESTER, &c.

The Second Stage of the Royal Progress.

HE that well considers the admirable Events particularized in the First Part of this History of his Majesty's miraculous Preservation, will be apt to think his evil Genius had almost rack'd its Invention to find out Hardships and Perils beyond human Imagination,

gination, and that his good *Angel* had been even tired out with contriving suitable Means for his Deliverance; yet if you please (after you have sufficiently wondered and blessed God for the Preservation you read there) proceed and admire the strange stupendous Passages you shall find here; which, when you have done with just and due Attention, I cannot doubt but your Thoughts will easily raise themselves into some holy Extasy, and growing warm with often repeating their own Reflections, break forth at last, and join your Exclamations with all the true and hearty Adorers of the divine Providence.

Psal. lxxxvi.
10.

*Thou art great, O Lord, and
doest wonderful Things; thou art
God alone.*

I shall not need, I hope, to bespeak my Readers Patience for any long Introduction; since all the Complement I intend, is humbly to kiss the Pen and Paper, which have the Honour to be Servants of this Royal Subject, and without farther Ceremony begin.

COLONEL *John Lane* having (as it has been related) safely convey'd his Majesty from *Moseley* to his own House at *Bentley* in *Staffordshire*, on *Tuesday* Night, the 9th of *September* 1651, the Lord *Wilmot* was there ready to receive him, and after his Majesty had eaten and conferr'd with my Lord and the Colonel of his intended Journey towards *Bristol* the
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very next Morning, he went to Bed, though his Rest was not like to be long; for at the very Break of Day on *Wednesday* Morning the Colonel called upon his Majesty and brought him up a new Suit and Cloak, which he had provided for him, of Country grey Cloth, as near as could be contrived like the Holy-day Suit of a Farmer's Son, which was thought fittest to carry on the Disguise. Here his Majesty quitted his Leather Doublet and green Breeches, for this new grey Suit; and forsook his former Name *Will. Jones* for that of *Will. Jackson*.

Thus then was the Royal Journey designed the King as a Tenant's Son (a Quality far more convenient for their Intention than that of a direct Servant) was ordered to ride before Mrs. *Jane Lane*, as her Attendant, Mr. *Henry Lassels* (who was Kinsman, and had been Cornet to the Colonel in the late Wars) to ride single, and Mr. *John Petre* of *Horton* in *Buckinghamshire*, and his Wife, the Colonel's Sister, who were then accidentally at *Bentley*, being bound homeward, to ride in the same Company; Mr. *Petre* and his Wife little suspecting *Will. Jackson*, their fellow Traveller to be the Monarch of *Great-Britain*.

His Majesty being thus refreshed, and thus accouter'd with all Necessaries for a Journey in the designed Equipage, after he had taken

Leave of my Lord *Wilmot*, and agreed on their Meeting within a few Days after at Mr. *George Norton's* House, at *Leigh* near *Bristol*; the Colonel conveyed him a back Way into the Stable, where he fitted his Stirrups, and gave him some Instructions for better acting the Part of *Will. Jackson*, mounted him on a good double Gelding, and directed him to come to the Gate of the House, which he punctually performed, with his Hat under his Arm.

By this Time it was Twilight, and old Mrs. *Lane* (who knew nothing of this great Secret) would needs see her beloved Daughter take Horse, which whilst she was intending, the Colonel said to the King, *Will thou must give my Sister thy Hand*; but his Majesty (unacquainted with such little Offices) offered his Hand the contrary way, which the old Gentlewoman taking Notice of, laughed, and asked the Colonel her Son, *What a goodly Horseman her Daughter had got to ride before her?*

Mr. *Petre* and his Wife, and Mr. *Lassels* being also mounted, the whole Company took their Journey (under the Protection of the King of Kings) towards *Stratford* upon *Avon* in *Warwickshire*: And soon after they were gone from *Bentley*, the Lord *Wilmot*, Colonel *Lane*, and *Robert Swan* my Lords Servant, took Horse, with a Hawk, and Spaniels with

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with them for a Disguise, intending to go that Night to Sir *Clement Fisber's* House at *Packington* in *Warwickshire*; where the Colonel knew they should both be as welcome as Generosity, and as secure as Fidelity could make them.

When the King and his small Retinue arrived near *Wotton*, within four Miles of *Stratford*, they espy'd a Troop of Rebels, baiting (as they conceived) almost a Mile before them in the very Road, which caused a Council to be held among them, wherein Mr. *Petre* presided, and he would by no Means go on, for fear of losing his Horse, or some other Detriment; so that they wheel'd about a more indirect Way, and at *Stratford* (where they were of Necessity to pass the River *Avon*) met the same or another Troop in a narrow Passage, who very fairly opened to the Right and Left, and made Way for the Travellers to march through them.

That Night (according to Designment) Mrs. *Lane*, and her Company took up their Quarters at Mr. *Tomb's* House, at *Longmarston*, some three Miles, West of *Stratford*, with whom she was well acquainted; here *Will. Jackson* being in the Kitchen, in Pursuance of his Disguise, and the Cook Maid busy in providing Supper for her Master's Friends, she desired him to wind up the Jack; *Will. Jackson* was obedient, and attempted it, but

hit not the right Way, which made the Maid in some Passion ask, *What Countryman are you, that you know not how to wind up a Jack?* Will. Jackson answered very satisfactorily, *I am a poor Tenant's Son of Colonel Lane in Staffordshire, we seldom have roast Meat, but when we have, we don't make use of a Jack;* which in some Measure asswaged the Maid's Indignation.

The same Night my Lord, with the Colonel, arrived safely at Sir Clement Fisher's House at Packington, where they found a Welcome suitable to the Nobleness of his Mind, and a Security answerable to the Faithfulness of his Heart.

Next Morning my Lord thought fit to dispatch the Colonel to London, to procure, if possible, a Pass for the King, by the Name of *William Jackson*, to go into France, and to bring it himself or send it (as Opportunity should be offered) to Mr. Norton's House, where my Lord (as you have heard) was designed to attend his Majesty.

On Thursday Morning (11th of September) the King, with Mrs. Lane, and Mr. Lassels rose early, and after Mrs. Lane had taken leave both of Mr. Petre and his Wife (whose Way lay more South) and of Mr. Tombs the Master of the House, they took Horse, and without any considerable Accident, rode by Camden, and arrived that Night at an Inn in

Cirencester

Cirencester in *Gloucestershire*, distant about twenty four Miles from *Longmarston*. After Supper a good Bed was provided for Mr. *Lassels*, and a Truckle-Bed for *Will. Jackson* in the same Chamber; but Mr. *Lassels* after the Chamberlain had left them, laid his Majesty in the best Bed, and himself in the other, and used the like due Observance, when any Opportunity would allow it.

The next Day being *Friday*, the Royal Traveller, with his Attendants, left *Cirencester*, and by the Way of *Sudbury* rode to and through the City of *Bristol* (wherein they had once lost their Way, till Inquiry better informed them) and arrived that Evening at Mr. *Norton's* House at *Leigh*, some three Miles from *Bristol*, and about thirty from *Cirencester*, which was the desired End of this perilous Journey.

At this Place his Majesty still continued under the Notion of one of Colonel *Lane's* Tenant's Sons; and, by a presettled Contrivance with Mrs. *Lane*, feigned himself sick of an Ague, under Colour whereof she procured him the better Chamber and Accommodation without any Suspicion, and still took Occasion from thence with all possible Care and Observance, to send the sick Person some of the best Meat from Mr. *Norton's* Table; and Mrs. *Norton's* Maid, *Margaret Rider* who (was commanded to be his Nurse-keeper,

keeper, and believed him sick indeed) made *William a Carduus-Posset*, and was very careful of him; nor was his Majesty at all known or suspected here, either by Mr. *Norton* or his Lady, from whose Knowledge yet, he was not concealed out of any the least Distrust of their Fidelity (for his whole Dominions yielded not more faithful Subjects) but because such Knowledge might haply at unawares have drawn a greater Respect and Observance from them, than that Exigent would safely admit of.

Under the Disguise of this Ague his Majesty for the most Part kept his Chamber, during his stay at *Leigh*; yet, being somewhat wearied with that kind of Imprisonment, one Day (when his Ague might be imagined to be in the Intermision) he walk'd down to a Place, where the young Men played at a Game of Ball called *Fives*, where his Majesty was ask'd by one of the Gamesters, if he could play, and would take his Part at that Game; he pleaded Unskilfulness, and modestly refused.

But behold an unexpected Accident here fell out, which put his Majesty and Mrs. *Lane* into some Apprehension of the Danger of a Discovery. Mr. *Norton's* Butler (whose Name was *John Pope*) had served a Courtier some Years before the War, under Colonel *Bagot* at *Litchfield*, and by that Means had the

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the Physiognomy of the King then Prince of *Wales*) so much imprinted in his Memory, that tho' his Majesty was in all Points most accurately disguised) yet the Butler knew him, and communicated his Knowledge to Mrs. *Lane*, who at first absolutely denied him to be the King, but after, upon Conference and Advice had with his Majesty, it was thought best to acknowledge it to the Butler, and, by the Bonds of Allegiance, conjure him to Secrecy, who thereupon kissed the King's Hand, and proved perfectly honest.

On *Saturday* Night (13th of *September*) the Lord *Wilmot* arrived at a Village near *Leigh* where he lay, but came every Day to visit *Will. Jackson* and Mrs. *Lane*, as Persons of his Acquaintance; and so had the Opportunity to attend and consult with his Majesty unsuspected, during their stay at *Leigh*.

Soon after, upon serious Advice had with my Lord, it was resolved by his Majesty to go to *Trent*, the House of Colonel *Francis Wyndham* (of whose Fidelity his Majesty had ample Assurance) which lies in *Somersetshire*, but bordering on the very Skirts of *Dorsetshire* near *Sherburn*; and therefore was judged to be conveniently seated in the Way towards *Lime* and other Port Towns where his Majesty might probably take Shipping for *France*.

In Pursuance of this Resolve, the Lord *Wilmot* (as his Majesty's Harbinger) rode to *Trent* on *Monday*, to make Way for his more private Reception there; and *Tuesday* Morning (*Sept. 16.*) his Majesty's Ague being then (as was pretended) in the Recess, he repaired to the Stable, and there gave Order for making ready the Horses, and then it was signified from Mrs. *Lane*, (tho' before so agreed) that *William Jackson* should ride single and carry the Portmanteau; accordingly they mounted, being attended Part of the Way by one of Mr. *Norton's* Men as a Guide, and that Day rode through the Body of *Somersetshire*, to Mr. *Edward Kirton's* House at *Castle-Cary*, near *Burton*, where his Majesty lay that Night, and the next Morning arrived at Colonel *Wyndham's* said House, which was about twenty six Miles from *Leigh*.

His Majesty was now at *Trent*, in as much Safety, as the Master of the House his Fidelity and Prudence could make him; but the great Work was how to procure a Vessel for Transportation of this great Treasure; for this End his Majesty, the Lord *Wilmot*, Colonel *Wyndham*, had several Consults, and in Pursuance of their Determination, the Colonel with his trusty Servant *Henry Peters*, posted to *Lime*, which is about twenty Miles from *Trent*, where, after some Difficulty, by the

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the Assistance of Captain *William Elsdon*, a loyal Subject (at whose House the Colonel lodged) he hir'd a Bark to transport his Majesty for *France*, which Bark was by Agreement to attend at *Charmouth* (a little maritime near *Lime*) at a Time appointed, and return'd with all speed to *Trent* with the good News.

The next Day his Majesty resolved for *Lime*, and Mrs. *Jane Lane* here humbly took her Leave of him, returning with Mr. *Lasfells*, by his Majesty's Permission into *Staffordshire*, leaving him in faithful Hands, and in a hopeful Way of escaping the bloody Designs of merciless Rebels; which as it was all along the Scope of her Endeavours, so was it now the Subject of her Prayers; yet it was still thought the best Disguise, for his Majesty to ride before some Woman; and accordingly Mrs. *Julian Conningsby*, Colonel *Wyndham's* Kinswoman, had the Honour to ride behind his Majesty, who with the Lord *Wilmot*, the Colonel, and *Henry Peters*, came that Evening to a blind Inn in *Charmouth*, near which Place the Skipper had promised to be in readiness with his Bark; but observe the Disappointment.

In the Interim (whilst Colonel *Wyndham* was gone back to *Trent*) it seems the *Rebels Proclamation*, for apprehending CHARLES STUART (meaning in their impudent Phrase)

our then gracious King, and prohibiting, for a certain Time, the Transportation of any Person without a particular License, had been published in and about *Lime*, and the Skipper having acquainted his Wife, that he had agreed to transport two or three Persons into *France*, whom he believed might be Cavaliers, it seems the *Gray Mare* was the better Horse; for she locked up her Husband in his Chamber, and would by no Means permit him to go the Voyage; so that whilst *Henry Peters* stay'd on the Beach most part of the Night, his Majesty and the rest of the Company sat up in the Inn, expecting News of the Seaman with his Boat who never appeared.

The next Morning his Majesty and Attendants resolving to return to *Trent*, rode first to *Bruteport* in *Dorsetshire*, where he stay'd at an Inn, whilst *Henry Peters* was sent back to Captain *Elfdon*, to see if there were any Hope left of persuading the Skipper, or rather of gaining Leave of his Wife, for him to undertake the Voyage; but all Endeavours proved ineffectual, and by that Time *Harry* returned, the Day was so far spent, that his Majesty could conveniently reach no farther that Night than *Broad-Windsor*; and (which added much to the Danger) Colonel *Heane* (one of *Cromwel's* Commanders) at this very Time was marching Rebels from several Garrisons to *Weymouth*, and other adjacent Ports, in order to their being

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ing shipped, for the forcing the Island of *Jersey* from his Majesty's Obedience, as they had done all the rest of his Dominions; so that the Roads of this Country were full of Soldiers.

Broad-Windsor afforded but one Inn, and that the *George*, a mean one too (and which was worse) the best Accommodations in it were, before his Majesty's Arrival, taken up by Rebel Soldiers, one of whose Doxies was brought to Bed in the House, which caused the Constable and Overseers for the Poor of the Parish to come thither at an unseasonable Hour of the Night, to take Care that the Brat might not be left to the Charge of the Parish; so that his Majesty, through this Disturbance went not to Bed at all, and we may safely conclude, he took as little rest here, as he did the Night before at *Charmouth*. Thus were the Tribulation of David's Heart enlarged, and he prayed, *Deliver me, O Lord, from my Distresses.*

His Majesty having still thus miraculously escaped Dangers, which hourly environed him, returned safe to *Trent* next Morning, where, after some Refreshment and Rest taken, he was pleased to call my Lord *Wilmot* and Colonel *Wyndham* (the Members of his little Privy Council) together, to consider what Way was next to be attempted for his Transportation.

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After several Proposals, it was at last resolved that my Lord (attended and conducted by *Henry Peters*) should the next Day be sent to *Salisbury*, to Mr. *John Coventry* (Son to the late Lord *Coventry*, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of *England*) who then lived in the *Close* of that City, and was known to be both a prudent Person and a perfect Lover of his Sovereign, as well to advise how to procure a Bark for passing his Majesty into *France*, as for providing some Monies for his present necessary Occasions.

My Lord being arrived at *Salisbury*, dispatched *Henry Peters* back to *Trent*, with Intimation of the good Reception he found there; for, Mr. *Coventry* did not only furnish him with Monies, but was very solicitous for his Majesty's Safety; to which End he Advised with Dr. *Humphrey Henchman*, a worthy Divine, who since his Majesty's happy Restauration, was with much Merit advanced to the Episcopal See of *Salisbury*, and *London*.

The Result of these two loyal Persons Consultation was, that his Majesty should be desired to remove to *Hele* (which lay about three Miles North-East of *Salisbury*) the Dwelling-House of Mrs. *Mary Hyde*, the Relict of *Lawrence Hyde*, Esq; eldest Brother to the Hon. Sir *Robert Hyde*, one of the Justices of his Majesty's Court of *Common-Pleas*, whom they

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knew to be both as discreet and as loyal, as any of her Sex.

With this Resolution and Advice Mr. *Coventry* dispatched his Chaplain, Mr. *John Selleck* to *Trent* with a Letter, rolled up into the Bigness of Musket Bullet, which the faithful Messenger had Order to swallow down his Throat, in Case of any Danger.

Mean Time Mr. *Coventry* had found out a trusty Seaman at *Southampton*, who undertook to transport whom he pleased; but on second Thoughts and Advice had with my Lord *Wilmot*, it was not held safe for his Majesty to take Shipping there, in regard of the so many Castles by which the Ships pass, that are outward bound, and the often Examination of the Passengers in them; so that some of the small Ports of *Sussex* were concluded to be the safer Places for effecting this great Work of his Majesty's Delivery from the Hands of such unparallel'd Rebels, who even ravenously thirsted after Royal Blood.

In the Interim Mr. *Selleck* returned with his Majesty's Resolution to come to *Hele*, signified by a like paper Bullet; and by this Time his Majesty thought fit to admit of the Service and Assistance of Colonel *Robert Phillips* (Grandson to the famous Sir *Edward Phillips*, late Master of the Rolls) who lived in those Parts, and was well acquainted with the Ways of the Country, and known to be as faithful as Loyalty

Loyalty could make him: This Colonel undertook to be his Majesty's Conductor to *Hele*, which was near thirty Miles distant from *Trent*.

During his Majesty's Stay at *Trent* (which was about a Fortnight) he was, for his own Security, forced to confine himself to the voluntary Imprisonment of his Chamber, which was happily accommodated (in case the Rebels had searched the House) with an old well-contrived secret Place, long before made (for a Shelter against the Inquisition of Pursuivants) by some of the ancient Family of the *Gerhards*, Col. *Wyndham's* Lady's Ancestors, who were *Recusants*, and had formerly been Owners of that House.

His Majesty's Meat was likewise (to prevent the Danger of a Discovery) for the most Part dressed in his own Chamber, the Cookery whereof served him for some Divertisement of the Time: And it is a great Truth if we say, there was no Cost spared, nor Care wanting in the Colonel, for the Entertainment and Preservation of his Royal Guest.

On the 3d of *October*, his Majesty having given Colonel *Wyndham* particular Thanks for his great Care and Fidelity towards him) left *Trent*, and began his Journey with Colonel *Philips*, and personating a Tenant's Son of his, towards *Hele*, attended by *Henry Peters* (afterwards Yeoman of the Field to his Majesty) and riding before Mr. *Convingby*.
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The Travellers passed by *Wincanton*, and near the midst of that Day's Journey, arrived at *Mere*, a little Market Town in *Wiltshire*, and dined at the *George Inn*; the Host, Mr. *Christopher Philips*, whom the Colonel knew to be perfectly honest.

The Host sat at the Table with his Majesty, and administered Matters of Discourse, told the Colonel for News, that he heard the Men of *Westminster* (meaning the Rebels) notwithstanding their Victory at *Worcester*, were in a great Maze, not knowing what was become of the King; (but says he) it is the most received Opinion that he is come in a Disguise to *London*, and many Houses have been searched for him there; at which his Majesty was observed to smile.

After Dinner mine Host familiarly asked the King, *if he were a Friend to Caesar?* To which his Majesty answered, *Yes*; Then said he, *Here's a Health to King CHARLES*, in a Glass of Wine, which his Majesty and the Colonel both pledged; and that Evening arrived in Safety at *Hele*. And his Majesty since his happy Return has been pleased to ask, *What was become of his honest Host at Mere?*

In the mean Time the Lord *Wilmot* (who took up the borrowed Name of Mr. *Barlow*) rode to such Gentlemen of his Acquaintance in *Hampshire*, whom he knew to be faithful Subjects,

Subjects, to seek Means for (what he so much desired) the Transportation of his Majesty; and first repaired to Mr. *Laurence Hyde* (a Name as faithful as fortunate in his Majesty's Service at his House at *Hinton D'ambigny* near *Catherington*, then to Mr. *Thomas Henflow* at *Burbant*, in the same County) to whom (as Persons of known Fidelity) my Lord communicated his weighty Business, and desired their Assistance for procuring a Bark for his Majesty's Transportation.

Mr. *Henflow* (in Zeal to this Service) immediately acquainted the Earl of *Southampton* (then at his House at *Titchfield*, and afterwards with much Merit dignified with the great Office of *Lord High Treasurer of England*) with this most important Affair; my Lord *Wilmot* judging it fitter for Mr. *Henflow* (his Neighbour) to do it, than for himself, in those Circumstances, to appear at my Lord's House; whose eminent Fidelity and singular Prudence, in the Conduct of even the greatest Affairs of State, being known both to them and all the World, and his great Power and Command at *Bewly Haven*, and the Maritime Parts of *Hampshire*, esteemed very favourable for their Design, wherein his Lordship was extremely active and solicitous.

Besides this, Mr. *Laurence Hyde* recommended my Lord *Wilmot* to Colonel *George Gunter*,

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ter, who lived at *Rackton* near *Chichester* in *Sussex*, and was known to be both faithful and active, not unlike to be successful in this Service, to whom therefore my Lord hastened, and lay at *Rackton* one Night, where he imparted his great Solicitation to the Colonel, and his Kinsman Mr. *Thomas Gunter*, who was then accidentally there.

All these Persons had the like Instructions from my Lord, which made a deep Impression on their loyal Hearts, and excited them to use their utmost Endeavours by several Ways and Means to procure the *Noah's Ark*, which might at last secure his Majesty from the great Inundation of Rebellion and Treason, which then did overspread the Face of his whole Dominions.

But to return to my humble Observance of his Majesty at *Hele*, where Mrs *Hyde* was so transported with Joy and Loyalty towards him, that at Supper, though his Majesty was set at the lower End of the Table, yet the good Gentlewoman had much ado to overcome herself, and not to carve to him first; however she could not refrain from drinking to him in a Glass of Wine, and giving him two Larks, when others had but one.

After Supper Mr. *Frederick Hyde* (Brother-in-Law to the Widow, who was then at *Hele*, and since created *Serjeant at Law*) discoursed with his Majesty upon various Subjects, not

suspecting who he was, but wondered to receive such rational Discourse from a Person, whose habit spoke him but of mean Degree; and when his Majesty was brought to his Chamber, Dr. *Henchman* attended him there, and had a long and private Communication with him.

Next Day it was thought fit, to prevent the Danger of any Discovery, or even Suspicion in the House, that in regard his Majesty might possibly stay there some Days before the Conveniency of a Transportation could be found out, he should that Day publicly take his Leave, and ride about two Miles from the House, and then be privately brought in again the same Evening, when all the Servants were at Supper; which was accordingly performed, and after that Time his Majesty appeared no more at *Hele* in Publick, but had Meat brought him privately to his Chamber, and was attended by the good Widow with much Care and Observance.

Now among the many faithful Solicitors for this long expected Bark, Colonel *Gunter* happened to be the lucky Man, who first procured it at *Brighthelmston* in *Sussex*, by the Assistance of Mr. *Francis Mansel*, Merchant of *Chichester*; and the concurrent Endeavours of Mr. *Thomas Gunter*: And on Saturday Night the eleventh of *October*, he brought the happy Tidings to my Lord *Wilmot*,
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and Colonel *Philips*, who then lay, the one at Mr. *Laurence Hyde's*, the other at Mr. *Anthony Brown's* House, his Neighbour and Tenant.

The next Morning, being *Sunday*, Colonel *Philips* was dispatch'd to *Hele* with the much desired News, and with Instructions to attend his Majesty on *Monday* to the *Downs*, called *Old Winchester*, near *Warusford*.

Early in the Morning his Majesty was privately conveyed from *Hele*, and went on Foot at least two Miles to *Clarendon* Park Corner, attended by Dr. *Henchman*; then took Horse with Colonel *Philips*; and at the appointed Time and Place the Lord *Wilmot*, Col. *Gunter*, and Mr. *Thomas Gunter* met his Majesty, with a Brace of Greyhounds, the better to carry on the Disguise.

That Night, though both Mr. *Laurence Hyde* and Mr. *Henslow* had each of them provided a secure Lodging for his Majesty, by the Lord *Wilmot's* Order, yet it was judged fittest by Colonel *Gunter*, and accordingly agreed unto by my Lord, that his Majesty should lodge at Mr. *Thomas Symon's* House at *Hambleton* in *Hampshire*, who married the Colonels Sister, in regard the Colonel knew them to be very faithful, but chiefly because it lay more directly in the Way from *Hele* to *Brighthemston*; and accordingly Colonel *Gunter* attended his Majesty to his Sister's House

that Night, who provided a good Supper for them, though she had not the least Suspicion or Intimation of his Majesty's Presence among them.

The King and his small Retinue arriving in Safety at Mrs Symon's House on Monday Night the 13th of October, were heartily welcomed by Mrs. Symons, for her Husband was not then at Home; but by that Time they had sup'd in comes Mr. Symons, who wondering to see so many Strangers in his House, was assured by his Brother Gunter, that they were all honest Gentlemen; yet, at first Interview, he much suspected Mr. Jackson to be a Round-head, observing how little Hair William Penderel's Scissars had left him; but at last being satisfied they were all Cavaliers, he soon laid open his Heart, and thought nothing too good for them, was sorry his Beer was no stronger, and, to encourage it, fetch'd down a Bottle of Strong-Water, and, mixing it with Beer, drank a cheerful Cup to Mr. Jackson, calling him Brother Round-head, whom his Majesty pledged; who was here observed to be cloathed in a short *Jappa* of a sad colour'd Cloth, and his Breeches of another Species, with a black Hat, and without Cuffs, somewhat like the meaner Sort of Country Gentlemen.

Mr. Symons, in the Time of entertaining his Guests, did by chance let fall an Oath, for

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for which Mr. *Jackson* took Occasion modestly to reprove him.

His Majesty, thus testing himself *Monday* Night at *Hambledon*, early on *Tuesday* Morning (*October* the 14th) prepared for his Journey to *Brightonston*, distant about thirty five Miles from thence: But (having then no further use for Colonel *Philips*) dismissed him with Thanks for his Fidelity and Service, in this most secret and important Affair; and then, having also bidden Farewell to Mr. *Symons* and his Wife, took Horse, attended by my Lord *Wilmot* and his Man, Colonel *Gunter*, and Mr. *Thomas Gunter*.

When they came near the Lord *Lumley's* House at *Stanstead* in *Suffex*, it was considered, that the Greatness of the Number of Horse might possibly raise some suspicion of them, Mr. *Thomas Gunter* was therefore dismissed with thanks for the Service he had done, and his Majesty held on his Journey without any Stay; and being come to *Bramber* within seven Miles of the desired Port, met there some of Colonel *Herbert Morley's* Soldiers, who yet did neither examine, nor had they, as far as could be discerned, the least Suspicion of the Royal Passengers, who arrived at last at the *George Inn* in *Brightonston*, where Mr. *Francis Mansel*, who assisted Colonel *Gunter* in this happy Service, had agreed to meet him.

At

At Supper Mr. *Mansel* fate at the upper End of the Table, and Mr. *Jackson* (for that Name his Majesty still retained) at the lower End. The Inn-Keeper's Name was *Smith*, and had formerly related to the Court, so that he suspected Mr. *Jackson* to be whom he really was, which his Majesty understanding, he discoursed with his Host after Supper, whereby his Loyalty was confirmed; and the Man proved faithful.

The next Morning, being being *Wednesday October* the 15th (the same Day on which the noble Earl of *Derby* became a Royal Martyr at *Boulton*) his Majesty, having given particular thanks to Colonel *Gunter*, for his great Care, Pains and Fidelity towards him, took Shipping with the Lord *Wilmot* in the Bark, which lay in Readiness for him at that Harbour, and whereof Mr. *Nicholas Tetersal* was Owner; and the next Day, with an auspicious Gale of Wind, landed safe at *Fecan* near *Havre de Grace* in *Normandy*; where his Majesty might happily say with *David*, *Thou hast delivered me from the violent Man; therefore will I sing Praises to thy Name, O Lord.*

This very Bark, after his Majesty's Restoration, was by Capt. *Tetersal* brought into the River *Thames*, and lay some Months at Anchor before *Whitehall*, to renew the Memory of the happy Service it had performed.

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His Majesty having nobly rewarded Captain *Teterfal*, in Gold, for his Transportation, lodged this Night at an Inn in *Fecam*, and the next Day rode to *Roan*, still attended by the faithful Lord *Wilmot*, where he continued *Incognito* several Days at Mr. *Scot's* House, since created *Baronet*, till he had sent an Express to the Queen, his Royal Mother, who had been long solicitous to hear of his Safety, and the Court of *France*, intimating his safe Arrival there, and had quitted his disguised Habit for one more befitting the Dignity of so great a KING.

Upon the first Intelligence of this welcome News, his Highness, the Duke of *York* sent his Coach forthwith to attend his Majesty at *Roan*, and the Lord *Gerard*, with others his Majesty's Servants, made all possible Haste, with glad Hearts, to perform their Duty to him. So that on the 29th of *October*, his Majesty set forward towards *Paris*, lay that Night at *Fleury*, about seven Leagues from *Roan*; the next Morning his Royal Brother, the Duke of *York*, was ready to receive him at *Magnie*, and that Evening his Majesty was met at *Mouceaux*, a Village near *Paris*, by the Queen of *England*, accompanied with her Brother, the Duke of *Orleans*, and attended by a great Number of Coaches, and many both *English* and *French* Lords and Gentlemen

men on Horseback, and was thus gladly conducted the same Night, though somewhat late, to the *Louvre* at *Paris*, to the inexpressible Joy of his dear Mother, the Queen, his Royal Brother the Duke of *York*, and of all true Hearts.

Here we must again, with greater Reason, humbly contemplate the admirable Providence of Almighty God, which certainly never appeared more miraculously than in this strange Deliverance of his Majesty from such an Infinity of Dangers, that History it self cannot produce a Parallel, nor will Posterity willingly believe it.

From the 3d of *September* at *Worcester* to the 15th of *October* at *Brighton*, being One and forty Days, he passed through more Dangers than he travelled Miles, of which yet he traversed in that Time only near three hundred (not to speak of his Dangers at Sea, both at his coming into *Scotland*, and his going out of *England*, nor of his long March from *Scotland* to *Worcester*) sometimes on Foot with uneasy Shoes; at other Times on Horseback, encumbered with a Portmanteau, and which was worse, at another Time on the gall'd-back'd, slow-pac'd Miller's Horse; sometime acting one Disguise in coarse Linnen and a Leather Doublet; sometimes another, of almost as bad a Complexion; one Day he is forced to sculk in a Barn at *Madely*; another Day

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Day sits with Colonel *Carlas* in a Tree, with his Feet extremely gall'd, and at Night glad to lodge with *William Penderel* in a secret Place at *Boscobel*, which never was intended for the Dormitory of a King.

Sometimes he was forced to shift with coarse fare for a Belly-full; another Time in a Wood, glad to receive the Necessities of Nature with a Mefs of Milk, served up in an homely Dish by Good-Wife *Lates*, a poor Country Woman; then again, for a Variety of Tribulation, when he thought himself almost out of Danger, he directly meets some of those Rebels, who so greedily sought his Blood, yet, by God's great Providence, had not the Power to discover him; and (which is more than has yet been mentioned) he sent at another Time to some Subjects for Relief and Assistance in his great Necessity, who out of a pusillanimous Fear of the bloody *Arch-Rebel*, then reigning, durst not own him.

Besides all this 'twas not the least of his Afflictions daily to hear the Earl of *Derby*, and other his loyal Subjects, some murdered, some imprisoned, and others sequestred in Heaps, by the same bloody *Usurper*, only for performing their Duty to their lawful KING. In a Word, there was no Kind of Misery (but Death it self of which his Majesty, in this horrid Persecution, did not in some Measure, both in Body, Mind and Estate, bear a

very great Share; yet such was his invincible *Patience* in this Time of Trial, such his *Fortitude*, that he overcame them all with such pious Advantage to himself, that their Memory is now sweet, and *it was good for him, that he had been Afflicted.*

Of these his Majesty's Sufferings and forced Extermination from his own Dominions, *England's * Great Chancellor* thus excellently descants.

* *Edward Earl of Clarendon.* See p. 291, of the Appendix to his *Lordship's History of the Grand Rebellion.*

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WE may tell those desperate Wretches, who yet harbour in their Thought wicked Designs against the sacred Person of the King, in order to the compassing their own Imaginations, that God Almighty would not have led him through so many Wildernesses of Afflictions of all Kinds, conducted him through so many Perils by Sea, and Perils by Land, snatch'd him out of the midst of this Kingdom, when it was not worthy of him, and when the Hands of his Enemies were even upon him, when they thought themselves so sure of him, that they would bid so cheap and so vile a Price for him. He would not in that Article have so covered him with a Cloud, that he travelled even with some Pleasure and great Observation through the midst of his Enemies: He would not so wonderfully have new modelled that Army; so inspired their Hearts and the Hearts of the whole Nation with an honest and impatient Longing for the Return of their dear Sovereign, and in the mean Time have exercised him (which had little less of Providence in it than the other) with those unnatural, or at least unusual Dis-respects, and Reproaches abroad, that he might have a harmless and an innocent Appetite to his own Country, and return to his own People, with a full Value, and the whole un-
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wasted Bulk of his Affections, without being corrupted or biassed by extraordinary foreign Obligations: God Almighty would not have done all this but for a Servant, whom he will always preserve, as the Apple of his own Eye, and always defend the most secret Michinations of his Enemies.

Thus the best and happiest of Orators.

Some may haply here expect I should have continued the particulars of this History to the Time of his Majesty's happy Restoration, by giving an Account of the Reception his Majesty found from the several Princes beyond the Seas, during his Exile, and of his Evenness of Mind, and prudent Deportment towards them, upon all Occasions; but that was clearly beyond the Scope of my Intention, which aimed only to write the *Wonderful History* of a great and good King violently pursued in his own Dominions by the work of *Rebels*, and miraculously preserved, under God, by the best of Subjects.

In other Countries, of which his Majesty traversed not a few, he found Kindness and a just Compassion of his Adversity from many, and from some a Neglect and Dis-regard; yet, in all the almost nine Years Abroad, I have not heard of any Passage that approached the
Degree

Degree of a Miracle like that at Home; therefore I may, with Faith to my own Intentions, not improperly make a silent Transition from his Majesty's Arrival at *Paris*, on the thirtieth Day of *October*, 1651, to his Return to *London* on the nine and twentieth of *May*, 1660; and with a *Te Deum Laudamus*, sum up all, and say with the Prophet;

*My Lord the King is come again in Peace,
to his own House.* 2 Sam. xix. 30.

*And all the People shouted, and said, GOD
SAVE THE KING.* 1 Sam. xx. 24.

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CONCEALMENT

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Published by Mrs. ANN WYNDHAM.

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L O N D O N:

Printed in the YEAR M.DCC.XLIII.

Churchman's Rights & Privileges

King CHARLES II.

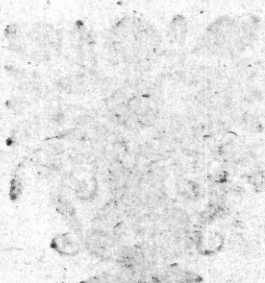
CONCEALMENT

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Published by Mrs. Ann Wyndham

Printed by J. Smith, London



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TO THE
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MOST EXCELLENT

MAJESTY.

THIS little Book having obtained Liberty, after a long Imprisonment, to walk Abroad, prostrates it self at Your Majesty's Feet for Patronage and Protection. In it your Majesty may behold GOD's wonderful Mercy and Providence, in keeping and preserving our Gracious Sovereign from the Hands of his Enemies, when they so pleased themselves with the Hopes of seizing his Sacred Person after the Battle of Worcester;
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ter; as they had invented and prepared new Ways to afflict his Majesty, such as, till then, never entred into the Hearts of the worst of Tyrants before them. But it pleased God to frustrate the Hopes and Designs of the King's Adversaries, and to restore his Majesty to his Father's Throne: Which that he may long enjoy with Your Majesty, in Health, Peace and Happiness, is, and shall be, the Prayer of

Your MAJESTY's,

Most obedient, and

Most faithful Servant,

ANNE WINDHAM.

Claustrum Regale Reseratum:

OR, THE

KING'S CONCEALMENT

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T R E N T.

HOW that after the Battle of *Worcester*, his Sacred Majesty most wonderfully escaped the Hands of his Blood-thirsty Enemies, and (under a Disguise, in the Company of Mrs. *Jane Lane*) safely arrived at *Abbots-Leigh* in *Somersetshire* (the Seat of Sir *George Norton*, lying near to the City of *Bristol*) hath been fully published unto the World. His Majesty's Journey from thence to the House of Colonel *Francis Windham* at *Trent*, in the same County, his Stay there, his Endeavour (though

frustrate) to get over into *France*, his return to *Trent*, his final Departure thence in order to his happy Transportation, are the Subject of this present Relation. A Story in which the Constellation of Providence are so refulgent, that their Light is sufficient to confute all the Atheists of the World, and to enforce all Persons (whose Faculties are not pertinaciously deprav'd) to acknowledge a watchful Eye of GOD from above, looking upon all Actions of Men here below, making even the most Wicked subservient to his just and glorious Designs. And indeed, whatsoever the Ancients fabled of *Gyges's Ring*, by which he could render himself invisible, or the Poets fancied of their Gods, who usually carried their chief Favourites in the Clouds, and by drawing those aerial Curtains, did so conceal them, that they were heard and seen of none, whilst they both heard and saw others, is here most certainly verified. For, the Almighty so closely covered the King, with the Wing of his Protection, and so clouded the Understanding of his cruel Enemies, that the most piercing Eye of Malice could not see, nor the most barbarously-bloody Hand offer Violence to his sacred Person; God smiting his Pursuers (as once he did the *Sodomites*) with Blindness, who with as much Eagerness sought to sacrifice the Lord's Anointed to their Fury, as the other did to prostitute the Angels to their Lusts.

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But before the several Particulars of this Story are laid open, two Questions (easily foreseen) which will be readily asked by every Reader, call for an Answer. The one is, Why this Relation, so much expected, so much longed for, has been kept up all this while from publick View? And the other, How it comes to pass, that it now takes the Liberty to walk abroad? Concerning the first, it must be known, that a Narrative of these Passages was (by especial Command from his Majesty) written by the Colonel's own Hand, immediately after the King's Return into *England* which (being presented to his Majesty) was laid up in his Royal Cabinet, there to rest for some Time, it being the King's Pleasure (for Reasons best known to his sacred Self) that it should not be then published.

And as his Majesty's Command to keep it private, is a satisfactory Answer to the first; so, his Licence now obtained that it might travel abroad, may sufficiently resolve the second Question. But besides this, many prevalent Reasons there are, which plead for a Publication; the chief of which are these: That the implacable Enemies of this Crown may be forever silenced and ashamed; who having neither Law nor Religion to partronize their unjust Undertakings, construed a bare Permission, to be a divine Approbation of their Actions; and (taking the Almighty to be such a one as themselves)

themselves) blasphemously entiled God to be the Author of all their Wickedness. But the Arm of God stretched out from Heaven to the Rescue of the King, cutting off the Clue of their Success, even then when they thought they had spun up their Thread, hath not left them so much as an Apron of Fig-Leaves to cover the Nakedness of their most shameful Proceedings.

The next is, That the Truth of his Majesty's Escape (being minced by some, mistaken by others, and not fully set forth by any) might appear in its native Beauty and Splendor; that as every Dust of Gold is Gold, and every Ray of Light is Light, so every Jot and Tittle of Truth being Truth, not one Grain of the Treasure, nor one Beam of the Lustre of this Story might be lost or clouded; it being so rare, so excellent, that aged Time out of all the Archives of Antiquity can hardly produce a Parallel. Singularly admirable indeed it is, if we consider the Circumstances and Actors. The Colonel (who chiefly designed, and moved in this great Affair) could not have had the Freedom to have served his Majesty, had he not been a Prisoner; his very Confinement giving him both a Liberty and Protection to act For, coming Home from *Weymouth*, upon his Parole, he had the Opportunity to travel freely, without fear of being stopped, and taken up: And being newly removed from

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from *Sherbone* to *Trent*, the jealous Eye of *Somersetshire* Potentates had scarce then found out, whose male-volent Aspect afterwards seldom suffered him to live at Home, and too too often furnished his House with very unwelcome Guests. Others, who contributed their Assistance, were Persons of both Sexes, and of very different Conditions and Qualities: And although their Endeavours often proved successless, though they had received Discouragements on one Hand, were terrified with Threats on the other; that a Seal of Silence should be imprinted upon the Lips of Women, who are become proverbial for their Garrulity; that Faithfulness and Constancy should guard the Hearts of Servants, who are usually corrupted with Rewards, or affrighted with Punishments; that neither Hope nor Fear (most powerful Passions, heightened by capital Animadversions proclaimed against all that should conceal, and large Remunerations promised to such as should discover the King) could work nothing upon any single Person, so as to remove him or her from their respective Duty, but that all should harmoniously concenter, both in the Design, and also afterward keep them so long close shut up under the Lock of Secrecy, that nothing could be discovered by the most exquisite Art and Cunning, till the blessed Restauration of His Majesty to His glorious Throne, so filled their

their Hearts with Joy, that it broke open the Door of their Lips, and let their Tongue lose to tell this Miracle to the amazed World, would (were not the Persons yet alive, and the Story fresh in Memory) ratify it into a Romance.

The Reproaches and Scandals, by which some envious Persons have sought to diminish and vilify the faithful Services, which the Colonel, out of the Integrity of his Soul, performed unto His Majesty, shall not here be mentioned; because by taking up Dirt to bespatter him, they defile their own Hands, and the Gun they level at his Reputation, recoils to the wounding of their own.

These Things thus premised, by Way of Introduction, open the Gate, through which you may enter, and in the ensuing Pages as in several Tables take a full View of the Particulars.

The Disguise His Majesty put on, secured him from the Cruelty of His Enemies, but could not altogether hide Him from the prying Eyes of his dutiful Subjects. For in the Time of His Stay at *Leigh*, one *John Pope*, (then Butler to Sir *George Norton*, but formerly a Soldier for the King in the West) through all those Clouds espied the most illustrious Person of the King. With him His Majesty (after He saw Himself discovered) was pleased familiarly to discourse; and speaking

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ing of the great Sufferings of very many of His Friends in the Western Parts (most whereof were well known to *Pope*) His Majesty enquired if he knew Colonel *Francis Wyndham*, who, (in the Time of the late Wars) was Governour of *Dunster-Castle*; Very well, Sir, answered *Pope*. The King then demanding what was become of him? *Pope* replies, that the Colonel had married Mrs. *Ann Gerrard*, one of the Daughters and Heiresses of *Thomas Gerrard*, Esq; late of *Trent* in *Somersetshire*, and that he had newly brought thither his Mother, (the Lady *Wyndham*) his Wife and Family; and that he believed the Colonel intended there to reside and live. His Majesty having received this Intelligence concerning the Colonel, together with an exact Information of the Situation of *Trent*, sought an Opportunity to speak with Mrs. *Lane*, (from whom the better to conceal Himself, He then kept at a distance) and by means of Mr. *Lassels*, (who accompanied the King in this Journey) obtaining his Desire, His Majesty, with much Contentment imparted to Mrs. *Lane* what *Pope* had informed Him concerning Colonel *Wyndham*, and his Habitation; telling her withal, that if she could bring him thither, He should not doubt of His Safety,

In this very Point of Time comes the Lord
Henry Wilmot, afterwards Earl of Rochester,
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from *Dirham* in *Gloucestershire*, the Seat of *John Winter*, Esq; a Person of known Loyalty and Integrity, to *Leigh*. My Lord had attended his Majesty in his Passage Westward, and on *Friday* Morning, *September* the 13th, met accidentally Captain *Thomas Abington*, of *Dowdswell*, in the County of *Gloucester*, at *Pinbury* Park; and being known by the Captain, who had served under him in the late Wars, was that Night by him conducted to Mr. *Winter's* from whom his Lordship (as he hath often since acknowledged) received great Civilities. Mrs. *Lane* presently reveals to the Lord *Wilmot* the King's Resolution to remove to *Trent*; whereupon my Lord demanded of *Henry Rogers*, Mr. *Winter's* Servant, and his Lordship's Guide from *Dirham* to *Leigh*. Whether he knew *Trent*? He answered, that Colonel *Wyndham* and his Master had married two Sisters, and that he had often waited on his Master thither. These Things so happily concurring, his Majesty commanded the Lord *Wilmot* to haste to *Trent*, and to ascertain the Colonel of his speedy Approach.

His Lordship took Leave, and continuing *Rogers* for his Guide, with one *Robert Swan*, arrived at *Trent* the sixteenth of *September*. *Rogers* was sent in forthwith to the Colonel, to acquaint him, that a Gentleman, a Friend of

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of his, desired the Favour of him, that he would please to step forth and speak with him. The Colonel enquiring of *Rogers* whether he knew the Gentleman or his Business? answered, No, he understood nothing at all, but only that he was called by the Name of Mr. *Morton*. Then without farther Discourse, the Colonel came forth, and found the Gentleman walking near the Stable; whom, as soon as he approached, although it was somewhat dark, he saluted by the Title of, My Lord *Wilmot*. His Lordship seemed to wonder that he should be known; but it was nothing strange, considering the Colonel's former Acquaintance with him, being one of the first that engaged under his Command in his late Majesty's Service. Besides, his Lordship was not in the least altered, except a Hawk on his Fist, and a Lure by his Side might pass for a Disguise. This Confidence of his Lordship really begat Admiration in the Colonel, calling to mind the great Danger he was in, and whose Harbinger he was; for he advertised the Colonel, that the King himself was on his Way to *Trent*, intending that very Night to lodge at *Castle-Cary*, (a Town six Miles thence) hoping, by God's Assistance to be with him about Ten of the Clock next Morning.

At this joyful News the Colonel was transported, (there having run a Report, that His Majesty was slain in the Fight at *Worcester*)

and giving God Thanks for his wonderful Mercy, he assured his Lordship, *That for his Majesty's Preservation he would value neither his Life, Family nor Fortune; and would never injure His Majesty's Confidence of him; not doubting, but that God, who had led his Majesty through the midst of such inexpressible Dangers, would deliver Him from all those barbarous Threats. and bloody Intentions of his Enemies.* With these and such like Expressions, the Colonel brought the Lord *Wilmot* into his Parlour, where he received an exact account of his Majesty's Condition and present Affairs.

Next Morning the Colonel found it necessary to acquaint the Lady *Wyndham*, his Mother, and also his own Lady, with the Particulars the Lord *Wilmot* had over Night imparted to him, concerning the King. The Relation he gave them, did not (through the Weakness of their Sex) bring upon them any womanish Passion, but surprized with Joy, they most cheerfully resolve, without the least Shew of Fear, to hazard all, for the Safety of the King. And so (begging God's Blessing upon their sincere Endeavours) they contrive how his Majesty might be brought into the House, without any Suspicion to their Family, consisting of above 20 Persons. Among them, therefore Mrs. *Julian Coningsby* (the Lady *Wyndham's* Niece) *Eliapor Withers*

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Withers, Joan Halsenoth, and Henry Peters, (whose Loyalty to the King, and Fidelity to themselves, they had sufficiently experienced) are made privy to their Design. Next they consider what Chambers are fittest for his Majesty's Reception. Four are made choice of; amongst which the Lady *Wyndham's* was counted most convenient for the Day-time, where the Servants might wait with more Freedom upon his Majesty. Than a safe Place is provided to retreat unto, in case of Search, or imminent Danger. And lastly, Employments are designed to remove all others out of the Way at the Instant of his Majesty's Arrival. All which, after a while, answered their Desires, even beyond their Expectation.

Between nine and ten the next Morning, the Colonel and his Lady walking towards the Fields adjoining to the House, espied the King riding before Mrs. *Lane*, and Mr. *Lassels* in their Company. As soon as His Majesty came near the Colonel, He called to him, *Frank, Frank, how dost thou do?* By which gracious Pleasance the Colonel perceiv'd, that though his Majesty's Habit and Countenance were much changed, yet his heroic Spirit was the same, and his Mind immutable. The Colonel (to avoid the jealous Eyes of some Neighbours) instantly conveyed the King and Mrs. *Lane* into the Lady *Wyndham's* Chamber, where

where the Passions of Joy and Sorrow did a while combat in them, who beheld his sacred Person. For what loyal Eye could look upon so glorious a Prince thus eclipsed, and not pay unto him the Homage of Tears? But the Consideration of his Majesty's Safety the gracious Words of his own Mouth confuting the sad Reports of his untimely Death, together with the Hope of his future Preservation, soon dried them up. In a short Time the Colonel brought the Lord *Wilmot* to the King, and then the Ladies withdrew into the Parlour, having first agreed to call Mrs. *Lane* Cousin, and to entertain her with the same Familiarity as if she had been their nearest Relation. That Day she stayed at *Trent*, and the next Morning early Mr. *Lassels* and she departed.

His Majesty, after he had refreshed himself, commanded the Colonel in the Presence of the Lord *Wilmot*, to propose, what Way he thought most probable for his Escape into *France*; for thither he desired with all Speed to be transported. The Colonel (the King giving him this Opportunity) entertained and encouraged his Majesty with this remarkable Passage of Sir *Thomas Wyndham* (his Father) *Who not long before his Death, (in the Year 1636) called unto him his five Sons (having not seen them together in some Years before) and discoursed unto us (said he) of the loving Peace and Prosperity this Kingdom hath enjoyed*

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joyed under its three last glorious Monarchs: Of the many Miseries and Calamities which lay sore upon our Ancestors, by the several Invasions and Conquests of foreign Nations, and likewise by intestine Insurrections and Rebellions. And notwithstanding the strange Mutations and Changes in England, he shew-
ed how it pleased God, in Love to our Na-
tion, to preserve an undoubted Succession of
Kings, to sit on the Royal Throne. He men-
tioned the healing Conjunction of the two
Houses of York and Lancaster, and the bles-
sed Union of the two Crowns of England and
Scotland, stopping up those Fountains of Blood,
which, by national Feuds and Quarrels, kept
open, had like to have drowned the whole
Island. He said, he feared the beautiful Gar-
ment of Peace would shortly be torn in pieces
through the Neglect of Magistrates, the Ge-
neral Corruption of Manners, and the Preva-
lence of a puritanical Faction, which, (if
not prevented) would undermine the very
Pillars of Government. My Sons! we have
hitherto seen serene and quiet Times; but
now prepare your selves for cloudy and trou-
blesome. I command you to honour and obey
our Gracious Sovereign, and in all Times
to adhere to the Crown; and though the
Crown should hang upon a Bush, I charge
you forsake it not. These Words being spoken
with much Earnestness, both in Gesture and
Manner

Manner extraordinary, he rose from his Chair, and left us in a deep Consultation what the Meaning should be of The Crown hanging upon a Bush. These Words, Sir, (said the Colonel) made so firm an Impression on all our Breasts, that the many Afflictions of these sad Times cannot raise out their undelible Characters. Certainly, these are the Days which my Father pointed out in that Expression; and I doubt not, God hath brought me through so many Dangers, that I might shew my self both a dutiful Son, and a loyal Subject, in faithfully endeavouring to serve your sacred Majesty, in this your greatest Distress.

After this Rehearsal, the Colonel in Obedience to his Majesty's Command) told the King, that Sir *John Strangways* (who had given many Testimonies of his Loyalty, having two Sons, both of them Colonels for his Royal Father) lived but four Miles from *Trent*, that he was a Person of great Fortune and Interest in *Dorsetshire*, and therefore he supposed that either Sir *John* or Sons might be serviceable to his Majesty's Occasions. The King, in Prosecution of this Proposal commanded the Colonel to wait on them; and accordingly the next Morning he went over to *Melbury*, the Place where Sir *John* dwelt. No sooner was he come thither, but he met with Colonel *Giles Strangways*, and after usual Salutation, they

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they walked into the Park adjoining to the House, where Colonel *Wyndham* imparted the Reason and End of his present Visit. Colonel *Strangways's* answer was, that he was infinitely grieved because he was not able to serve his Majesty in procuring a Vessel according to Expectation; that he knew not any one Master of a Ship, or so much as one Mariner that he could trust. All that were formerly of his Acquaintance in *Weymouth*, being for their Loyalty banished, and gone beyond the Sea; and in *Pool* and *Lime* he was a meer Stranger, having not one Confident in either. A hundred Pounds in Gold he delivered to Colonel *Wyndham*, to present to the King; which at his Return, by Command was deposited in the Hands of the Lord *Wilmot*, for his Majesty's Use.

About this Time the Forces under *Cromwel* were retreated from *Worcester* into the several Quarters of the Country; some of which coming to *Trent*, proclaimed the Overthrow of the King's Army, and the Death of the King, giving out, that he was certainly killed; and one of them affirmed that he saw him dead, and that he was buried among the rest of the slain, no Injury being offered to his Body, because he was a valiant Soldier, and a gallant Man. This wel-

come News so tickled the Sectaries, that they could not hold from expressing their Joy by making Bonfires, firing of Guns, Drinking and other Jollities; and for a Close of all, to the Church they must, and there ring the King's Knell. These rude Extravagancies moved not his Majesty at all, but only (as if he were more troubled for their Madness, than his own Misfortune) to this most Christian and compassionate Expression, *Alas, poor People!*

Now, though the King valued not the Menaces of his proud Enemies, being confident they could do him no Hurt; yet he neglected not to try the Faithfulness of his Friends to convoy him out of his Reach. Thus the former Design proving unsuccessful, and all Hope of Transfretation that Way being laid aside, the Colonel acquainted his Majesty, that one Captain *William Ellesden* of *Lime*, (formerly well known unto him) with his Brother *John Ellesden*, (by Means of Colonel *Bullen Reymes* of *Wadden* in *Dorsetshire*) had conveyed over into *France* Sir *John Berkley* (afterwards Lord *Berkley*) in a Time of Danger. To this Captain therefore his Majesty sends the Colonel, who lodging at his House in *Lime*, took an Opportunity to tell him, that Lord *Wilmot* had made his Escape from *Worcester*; that

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that he lay privately near to him; and that his Lordship had earnestly solicited him to use his utmost Endeavours to secure him from the Hands of the Pursuers. To this purpose he was come to Town, and assured the Captain, if he would join in this Affair, his Courtesy should never be forgotten. The Captain very cordially embraced the Motion, and went with the Colonel to *Charmouth*, (a little Place near *Lime*) where at an Inn, he brought to him a Tenant of his one *Stephen Limbry*, assuring the Colonel, that he was a right honest Man, and a perfect Royalist. With this *Limbry* Colonel *Wyndham* treated under the Name of Captain *Norris*, and agreed with him to transport himself and three or four Friends into *France*. The Conditions of their Agreement were; that before the two and twentieth Day of that Instant *September*, *Limbry* should bring his Vessel into *Charmouth-Road*, and on the said two and twentieth, in the Night, should receive the Colonel and his Company into the Long-Boat from the Beach near *Charmouth*, from thence carry them to his Ship, and so land them safe in *France*. This the Colonel conjured *Limbry* to perform with all Secresy, because the Passengers were of the Royal Party, and

intended to be shipped without Leave, to avoid such Oaths and Engagements, which otherwise would be forced upon them; and therefore Privacy in this Transaction would free him from Danger, and themselves from Trouble, the true Cause why they so earnestly thirsted (for some Time) to leave their native Country. *Limby's* Salary was sixty Pounds, which the Captain engaged to pay at his Return from *France*, upon Sight of a Certificate under the Passengers Hands of their landing there. To the Performance of these Covenants *Limby*, with many Vows and Protestations obliging himself, the Colonel with much Satisfaction and Speed, came back to his Majesty and the Lord *Wilmot* to *Trent*, who, at the Narration of these Passages expressed no small Contentment.

The Business being thus far successfully laid, the King consults how it might be prudentially managed, that so there might be no Miscarriage in the Prosecution. Necessary it was that his Majesty and all his Attendants (contrary to the Use of Travellers) should sit up all the Night in the Inn at *Char-mouth*; that they ought to have the Command of the House, to go in and out at Pleasure, the Tide not serving till twelve at Night. To remove therefore all Suspicion
and

and Inconveniencies, this expedient was found out.

HENRY PETERS (Colonel *Wyndham's* Servant) was sent to *Charmouth* Inn, who inviting the Hostess to drink a Glass of Wine, told her, that he served a very gallant Master, who had long, most affectionately loved a Lady in *Devon*, and had the Happiness to be well beloved by her; and though her Equal in Birth and Fortune, yet so unequal was his Fate, that by no Means could he obtain her Friends Consent: And therefore it was agreed between them, that he should carry her thence, and marry her among his own Allies. And for this Purpose his Master had sent him to desire her to keep the best Chambers for him, intending to be at her House upon the two and twentieth Day of that Month in the Evening, where he resolved not to lodge, but only to refresh himself and Friends, and so travel on either that Night, or very early next Morning. With this Love-Story (thus contrived and acted) together with a Present delivered by *Peters* from his Master, the Hostess was so well pleased, that she promised him, her House and Servants should be at his Master's Command. All which she very justly performed.

When the Day appointed for his Majesty's Journey to *Charmouth* was come, he was pleased

pleased to ride before Mrs. *Julian Coningsby*, (the Lady *Wyndham's* Niece) as formerly before Mrs. *Lane*. The Colonel was his Majesty's Guide, whilst the Lord *Wilmot* with *Peters* kept at a convenient Distance, that they might not seem to be all of one Company.

In this Manner travelling, they were timely met by Captain *Ellesden*, and by him conducted to a Private House of his Brother's among the Hills near *Charmouth*. There his Majesty was pleased to discover himself to the Captain, and to give him a Piece of foreign Gold, in which in his solitary Hours he made a Hole to put a Ribbon in. Many like Pieces his Majesty vouchsafed the Colonel and his Lady, to be kept as Records of his Majesty's Favour, and of their own Fidelity to his most sacred Person in the Day of his greatest Trial. All which they have most thankfully treasured up as the chiefest Jewels of their Family.

This Royal Company from thence came to the Inn at *Charmouth*, a little after Night, where Captain *Ellesden* solemnly engaging to see the Master of the Ship ready, (the Wind blowing then fair for *France*) took Leave of his Majesty. About an hour after came *Limby* to the Inn, and assured the Colonel all Things were prepared, and that about Midnight his Long-Boat should wait

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wait at the Place appointed. The set Hour drawing nigh, the Colonel with *Peters*, went to the Sea-side (leaving his Majesty and the Lord *Wilmot* in a Posture to come upon Call) where they remained all Night expecting; but seeing no Long-Boat, neither hearing any Message from the Master of the Ship, at the Break of Day the Colonel returns to the Inn, and beseeches the King and the Lord *Wilmot* to haste from thence. His Majesty was intreated; but the Lord *Wilmot* was desirous to stay behind a little, promising to follow the King to *Bridport*, where his Majesty intended to make a Halt for him.

When the King was gone, the Lord *Wilmot* sent *Peters* into *Lime*, to demand of Captain *Ellesden*, the Reason why *Limbry* broke his Promise, and forfeited his Word? He seemed much surprized with this Message, and said, he knew no Reason, except it being a fair Day, the Seamen were drunk in taking their Farewel; and withal advised his Lordship to be gone, because his Stay there could not be safe. But since that, *Limbry* himself hath given this Account under his own Hand:—

That according to an Agreement made at *Charmouth*, September the 19th, 1651, betwixt himself and one Captain *Norris* (since known

known to be Colonel *Francis Wyndham*) he put forth the Ship beyond the *Cobs-mouth* into *Charmouth-Road*, where his Servants on the 22d of the same Month were all ready in her, waiting his coming; that he going to his House about ten that Night, for Linnen to carry with him, was unexpectedly locked into a Chamber by his Wife, to whom he had a little before revealed his intended Voyage with some Passengers into *France*, for whose Transportation at his Return he was to receive a considerable Sum of Money from Captain *Ellesden*.

This Woman, it seems, was frighted into a pannick Fear by that dreadful *Proclamation* (of the 10th of *September*) set out by the *Men of Westminster*, and published that Day at *Lime*. In this a very heavy Penalty was thundred out against all that should conceal the King, or any of his Party, who were at *Worcester* Fight; and a Reward of a Thousand Pounds promised to any that should betray him. She apprehending the Persons her Husband engaged to carry over to be Royalists, resolved to secure him from Danger, by making him a Prisoner in his own Chamber. All the Persuasions he used for his Liberty were in vain; for the more he intreated, the more her violent Passion increased, breaking forth into such

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Clamours and Lamentations, that he feared if he should any longer contend, both himself and the Gentlemen he promised to transport, would be cast away in this Storm, without ever going to Sea.

Thus a Design in a Business of the highest Nature, and carried on with Industry and Prudence, even to the very last, still promising full hope of a happy Production, by one Man's single Whisper (the Bane of Action) proved abortive. For, no Doubt, had *Limbury* kept his Council, he had gained the Honour of conveying over his Majesty; of whose noble Courage and Virtue, God was pleased to make yet farther Trial, as the Sequel will inform.

The King passing on upon *London-Road* from *Charmouth*, met many Travellers, among whom was one of his Father's Servants, well known both to his Majesty and the Colonel; who were very well pleased that he was not guilty of so much Civility, as to give either of them the Compliment of a Salutation. As they drew near to *Bridport*, the Colonel riding a little before, and entering the Town, perceived it full of Soldiers; whereupon stopping his Horse till the King came up, he intreated his Majesty to keep on, and by no Means to put himself into the Mouth of them, who gaped greedily after

his Destruction. Nevertheless, the King having engaged to the Lord *Wilmot*, to expect him, there, (without the least Apprehension of Danger) rode into the *George*, and alighted in the Court, was forced to stay there, and in the Stable, near half an Hour, before the Colonel could procure a Chamber. All this While his bloody Enemies were his only Companions, with whom he discoursed freely without Fear, and learned from them their intended Voyage for *Jersey* and *Guernsey*, and their Design upon those Islands. Here may you see the Pursuers overtaken, and the bitterest of Enemies friendly discoursing with him, whose utter Ruin they accounted would compleat their Happiness. He that sate in Heaven, certainly laughed them to Scorn, and by the Interposition of his mighty Arm eclipsed their Glory, and by his admirable Wisdom reprov'd and confuted their Malice against the King, and their Blasphemies against Heaven.

No sooner had the King withdrawn himself from this dangerous Company, into a Chamber, (with much Difficulty obtained) acquainted his Majesty, that the Lord *Wilmot* humbly petitioned him to make Haste out of that Place, and to overtake him slowly passing on the Road, and waiting his Majesty's coming.

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coming. Presently upon the Dismission of *Peters*, the King having taken some small Repast, not far from the Town joined in Company again with the Lord *Wilmot*, and discoursing of the several Adventures of that hopeful, and (as it fell out) most perillous Journey, concluded that *London-Road* was very unsafe, and therefore resolved to follow the next Turning which might probably lead towards *Yeavill*, or *Sherborn*, neither of which is computed to be above two Miles distant from *Trent*. Providence (the best of Guides) directed these Strangers (for so they were all in those Parts) to a Way, which after many Hours Travel brought them into a Village, in which was a small Inn for Entertainment. Thus entered these masked Travellers, to enquire where they were. And to this Purpose calling for some Beer, the Host of the House (one *Rice Jones*) came forth, and informed them, that the Place was called *Broad-windsor*. The Colonel knew the Innkeeper and his Wife to be very honest, loyal Persons, and that for their Fidelity to the King and his Party, they had (according to their Condition) undergone their Share of Troubles. The King understanding the Affection of the People, resolves to lodge in the House that Night, it being already somewhat dark, and his Majesty, and Company, sufficiently wearied with

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their former Night's Watching, and that Day's Travel. The Colonel (while the Horses were put up) desired Mr. Jones to shew him the most private Rooms; the Reason he gave was, because his Brother-in-Law, Colonel *Reymes* (whom the Lord *Wilmot* personated) had been a long Time imprisoned as well as himself; that they had lately obtained their Paroles, and to be seen together so far from their Homes might create new Jealousies, and so consequently crush them with new Troubles. The good Host upon this, brought them up into the highest Chambers, where Privateness recompensed the Meanness of the Accommodation, and the Pleasantness of the Host (a merry Fellow) allayed and mitigated the Weariness of the Guests. Now the Face of Things began to smile, which all the Day and Night preceeding, looked so louring and ill-favoured: But this short Calm was on a sudden interrupted by a violent Storm. For in comes the Constable with almost forty Soldiers to be billeted that very Night in the Inn; all the lower Receptacles were thronged up with this unexpected Company; so that the King was in a Manner besieged, there being no Passage, from above, but through those suspected Guards. Thus every Place brought forth its Troubles, and every Period of Time disclosed fresh Dangers! Shortly after the
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Soldiers had taken up their Quarters, a Woman in their Company fell into Labour in the Kitchen. The Pangs she endured, made the Inhabitants of that Place very ill at Ease, fearing lest the whole Parish should become the reputed Father, and be enforced to keep the Child. To avoid this Charge, the chiefest of the Parish post to the Inn, between whom, and the Soldiers, arose a very hot Conflict, concerning Provision to be made for the Mother and the Infant. This Dispute continued till such Time as (according to Orders) they were to march to the Sea-Side. This quarrelsome Gossiping was a most seasonable Diversion, exercising the Minds of those troublesome Fellows, who otherwise were likely to have proved too inquisitive after the Guests in the House; the sad Consequences of which, every loyal Heart trembles to think on.

Surely we cannot, except we wilfully shut our own Eyes, but clearly see, and with all Reverence and Thankfulness adore the divine Goodness for his Majesty's signal Deliverances in this Voyage: Especially if, looking back upon *Charmouth*, we consider the Dangers that threaten'd him, occasioned by the Lord *Wilmot's* short Stay there, after the King's Departure; for one *Hamnet*, a Smith, being call'd to shoe his Lordship's Horse,

Horse, said, he well knew by the Fashion of the Shoes, that they were never set in the West, but in the North. The Hostler, a Bird of the same Feather, hearing this, began to tell, what Company had been there; how they sat up, and kept their Horses saddled all the Night: And from hence they conclude, that either the King, or some great Persons had certainly been at the Inn. The Hostler, whose Heart was soured against the King, runs presently to one *Westley*, of the same Leaven, then Minister of *Charmouth*, to inform him of these Passages, and, to ask Counsel what was to be done. This *Westley*, was at his Morning Exercise, and being something long-winded, *and by the Way it may be observed, that long Prayers proceeding from a traitorous Heart, once did good, but by Accident only*, the Hostler unwilling to lose his Reward, at the Gentleman's taking Horse, returns without doing his Errand. As soon as my Lord was mounted and gone, *Hamnet* tells *Westley* of the Discourse between him and the Hostler. Away comes *Westley* upon full Speed to the Inn, and almost out of Breath, asks the Woman of the House, what Guests she had entertained that Night? She said, they were all Strangers to her, she knew them not. I tell you then, said he, one of them was the

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the King. Then hastily turning away from her, he and *Hamnet* ran to Mr. *Butler* of *Commer*, then Justice of Peace, to have dispatched abroad his Warrants to raise the Country for the apprehending of the King, and those Persons, the last Night, with him at *Charmouth*: But he spends his Mouth in vain, a deaf Ear is turned upon him, no Warrant would be issued forth. This Check given to his Zeal so vexed him, that it had like to have caused a Suffocation, had not Captain *Massey*, as errant a Hotspur as himself, given it Vent by raising a Party, and pursuing the King upon *London-Road*. But God preserved his Majesty by diverting him to *Broadwindsor*, whilst *Massey* and his hot-mettled Company out-ran their prey as far as *Dorchester*. And indeed, the Report of the King's being at *Charmouth*, was grown so common, that the Soldiers, lying in those Parts, searched the Houses of several Gentlemen who were accounted Royalists, thinking to surprize him. Amongst which, *Pilisdon*, the House of Sir *Hugh Wyndham*, Uncle to Colonel *Francis Wyndham*, was twice rifled. They took the old Baronet, his Lady, Daughters and whole Family, and set a Guard upon them in the Hall, whilst they examine every Corner, not sparing either Trunk or Box. Then taking a particular

lar View of their Prisoners, they seize a lovely young Lady, saying, she was the King disguised in Woman's Apparel. At length being convinced of their gross and rude Mistake, they desisted from offering any further Violence to that Family. And here it is much to be observed, that the same Day the King went from *Charmouth*, Captain *Elesden* came to *Pilisdon*, and enquired of Sir *Hugh* and his Lady, for the King and Colonel, confidently affirming, that they must needs be there.

His Majesty having with an Evenness of Spirit, gotton through this rough Passage, safely anchor'd at *Broadwindsor*, where at length enjoying some Rest, he commands the Colonel to give his Opinion what Course was to be taken, as the Face of Affairs then looked. The Colonel (seeing Forces drawn every where upon that Shore) thought it very hazardous to attempt any Thing more in *Dorsetshire*; and therefore humbly besought his Majesty, that he would be pleas'd to retreat to *Trent*: He hoped his Majesty was already satisfied in the Fidelity of his Servants; and that he doubted not his Majesty might lie securely in that Creek, 'till it was fair Weather, and a good Season to put forth to Sea. He humbly advis'd, that *Peters* might conduct the Lord *Wilmot* to

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to Mr. *Huit's* House at the *King's Arms* in *Sarum*, where he and many of his Friends had been sheltered in the Time of Troubles. That *Peters* (being at *Sarum*) should by a private Token bring his Lordship to Mr. *John Coventry*, (his Kinsman) a Person noble, wise, and loyal, with whom he had kept Intelligence in Order to the King's Service, ever since his Majesty had set Foot in *Scotland*; that he was assured Mr. *Coventry* would think himself highly honoured to correspond in this matchless Employment, *The King's Preservation*. He desired the Lord *Wilmot* to be confident of lying concealed; and likewise to treat with Mr. *Coventry*, and by *Peters* to return his Majesty an Account how he found that Gentleman affected towards this Service.

This Counsel being well relished and approved, it was resolved, that between *Sarum* and *Trent*, (lying thirty Miles distant, and better) an Intercourse should be kept by trusty Messengers, and a secret Way of writing, to avoid Danger in case of Interception. All Things being thus concluded, the King left his jovial Host at *Broadwindsor*, and returned with the Colonel and Mrs. *Coningsby* to *Trent*. The Lord *Wilmot* with *Peters* went that Night to *Sherborn*, and the next Morning was waited on by *Swan*, who attended

tended his Lordship to the Colonels, and that Day got into *Salun*, where he soon saluted Mr. *Coventry*, in all Things fully answering his Lordship's Expectation: And the 25th of *September*, *Peters* was sent back with this joyful Message from the Lord *Wilmar* to his Majesty; that he doubted not, by Mr. *Coventry's* Assistance, and those recommended by him, to be able in some short Time to effect his Desires.

Whilst his sacred Majesty enjoys his Peace at *Trent*, and the Lord *Wilmar*, with those other Worthies, is busied at *Salun*, to produce its Continuation: It cannot be impertinent to mention a Circumstance or two, which inserted in the midst of the Web and Texture of this Story, would have looked unhandsome, but added as a Fringe, may prove ornamental.

Upon the *Sunday* Morning after the King came to *Trent*, a Taylor of the Parish informed the Colonel, that the Zealots, which swarmed in that Place, discoursed over Night, that Persons of Quality were hid in his House, and that they intended to search and seize them; and therefore he desired the Colonel, if any such there were, to convey them thence, to avoid Surprisal. The Colonel, rewarding the good Man for his Care and Kindness towards himself and

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Family, told him, that his Kinsman, meaning the Lord *Wilmot*, was not private, but public in his House, for so his Lordship pleased to be, and that he believed he would shew himself in the Church, at the Time of Prayers. When the honest Fellow was gone, the Colonel acquaints the King what passed between himself and the Taylor, and withal, besought his Majesty to persuade the Lord *Wilmot* to accompany him to Church thinking by this Means, not only to lessen the Jealousy, but also to gain the good Opinion of some of the Fanaticks, who would be apt to believe, that the Colonel was rather brought to Church by my Lord, than his Lordship by the Colonel, who seldom came to that Place, since Faction and Rebellion had justified out, and kept Possession against Peace and Religion. He alledged moreover, that he sat in an Isle distinct from the Body of the Congregation, so that the Parishioners could not take a full View of any of his Company. These Reasons, joined with his Majesty's Command, prevailed with his Lordship; and though he thought it a bold Adventure, yet, it not only allayed the Fury, but also took out the very Sting of those Wasps; in-somuch, that they, who the last Night talked of nothing but searching, began now to say, that *Cromwel*'s late Success against the King, had made the Colonel a Convert.

All being now quiet about Home, the Colonel's Lady, under Pretence of a Visit, goes over to *Sherbon*, to hear what News there was abroad of the King. And towards Evening, at her return, a Troop of Horse clapt privately into the Town. This silent way of entering their Quarters, in so triumphant a Time, gave a strong Alarm to this careful Lady, whose Thoughts were much troubled concerning her Royal Guest. A Stop she made to hearken out what brought them thither, and whither they were bound: But not one Grain of Intelligence could be procured by the most industrious Enquiry. When she came Home, she gave his Majesty an Account of many Stories, which like flying Clouds, were blown about by the Breath of the People, striving to cover her Trouble with the Vail of Chearfulness. But this the King perceiving to be rather forced than free, as at other Times, was earnest to know the Cause of her Discomposure. And to satisfy his Majesty's Importunity, she gave him a full Relation of the Troop at *Sherbon*: At which his Majesty laughed most heartily, as if he had not been in the least concerned. Yet; upon a serious Debate of the Matter, the Colonel and his Lady supplicated the King to take a View of his Privy Chamber, into which he was perswaded to enter, but

made the Colonel a Convert came

came presently forth again, much pleased, that upon the least Approach of Danger, he could thither retreat with an Assurance of Security. All that Night the Colonel kept strict Watch in his House, and was the more vigilant, because he understood from *Sherbon*, that the Troop intended not to Quarter there, but only to refresh themselves and march. And accordingly (not so much as looking towards *Trent*) about two of the Clock the next Morning, they removed towards the Sea-Coast. This Fear being over, the King rested all the Time of his Stay at *Trent*, without so much as the Apprehension of a Disturbance.

The Strangeness of which will be much increased by the Addition of what a Captain who served under *Cromwel*, at *Worcester*, reported to two Divines of undoubted Veracity, long before the King's blessed Restauration: That he was followed and troubled with Dreams for three Nights together, that the King was hid at *Trent*, near *Sherbon*, in a House nigh to which stood a Grove, or patch of Trees, and that thither he should go and find him. This Suggestion thus reiterated, was a powerful Spur to prick him forwards: But the Hand which held the Reins and kept him back, was irresistible.

Now

Now the Hands of his Majesty's Enemies were not only restrained from doing him Evil, but the Hands of his Friends were strengthened to do him Good. In Order to which, Colonel *Edward Philips* of *Montacute*, in the County of *Somerset*, came from *Sarum*, to his Majesty, *September* the 28th, with this Intelligence, that his Brother Colonel *Robert Philips* was employed to *Southampton* to procure a Vessel, of whose Transaction his Majesty should receive a speedy Account.

In the mean Time, Captain *Thomas Littleton*, a Neighbour of Colonel *Wyndham*, was dispatched up into *Hampshire*, where by the Aid of Mr. *Standish*, he dealt with the Master of a Ship, who undertook to carry off the Lord *Wilmot*, and his Company, upon the Condition his Lordship would follow his Direction. But the Hope of Colonel *Philips*'s, his good Success at *Hampton*, dashed this Enterprize, and the Captain was remanded back to *Trent*, and to make no Progress till farther Orders.

Upon the first of *October*, Mr. *Jahn Sellick*, Chaplain to Mr. *Coventry*, brought a Letter to his Majesty. In answer to which the King wrote back, that he desired all Diligence might be used in providing a Vessel; and if it should prove difficult at *Hampton*,

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Trial should be made farther: That they should be ascertained of a Ship before they sent to remove him, that so he might run no more Hazards than what of Necessity he must meet with in his Passage from *Trent* to the Place of his Transportation.

October the fifth, Colonel *Philips* came from the Lord *Wilmore* and Mr. *Coventry* to his Majesty with this Assurance, that all Things were ready; and that he had informed himself with the most private Ways, so that he might with great probability of Safety guide his Majesty to the Sea-side. As soon as the King heard this Message, he resolved upon his Journey. Colonel *Wyndham* earnestly petitions his Majesty, that he might wait on him to the Shore: But his Majesty gave no grant, saying, It was no Way necessary, and might prove very inconvenient. Upon the renewing this Request, the King demanded the contrary, but sweetned his Denial with this Promise, that if he were put to any Distress, he would again retreat to *Trent*.

About ten next Morning, *October* the sixth, his Majesty took leave of the old Lady *Wyndham*, the Colonel's Lady and Family, not omitting the meanest of them that served him: But to the good old Lady he vouchsafed more than ordinary Respect, who recounted it her highest Honour, that she had
three

three Sons and one Grand-Child slain in the Defence of the Father, and that she, herself, in her old age had been instrumental in the Protection of the Son, both Kings of *England*.

Thus his sacred Majesty, taking Mrs. *Julian Coningsby* behind him, attended by Colonel *Robert Philips*, and *Peters*, bad Farewel to *Trent*, the Ark in which God shut him up, when the Floods of Rebellion had covered the Face of his Dominions. Here he rested nineteen Days, to give his faithful Servants Time to work his Deliverance: And the Almighty crowned their Endeavours with Success, that his Majesty might live to appear as Glorious in his Actions, as Courageous in his Sufferings.

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By the PARLIAMENT.

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PROCLAMATION

FOR THE

Discovery and Apprehending
CHARLES STUART.

Nº. VII.

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PROCLAMATION

FOR THE

Discovery and Appropriation

CHARLES STUART.

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A

PROCLAMATION

FOR THE

Discovery and Apprehending
CHARLES STUART,

AND OTHER

TRAYTORS,

HIS

ADHERENTS and ABETTORS.

WHEREAS, CHARLES STUART,
*Son to the late Traytor, with divers
of the English and Scottish Nation, have
lately, in a traitorous and hostile Manner,
with an Army, invaded this Nation, which,
by the Blessing of God upon the Forces of
this Common-wealth, have been defeated,*

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and

and many of the chief Actors therein slain, and taken Prisoners; but the said CHARLES STUART is escaped: For the speedy apprehending of such a malicious and dangerous Traytor, to the Peace of this Common-wealth, the Parliament doth strictly charge and command all Officers, as well Civil as Military, and all other good People of this Nation, That they make diligent Search and Enquiry for the said CHARLES STUART, and his Abettors, and Adherents in this Invasion: and use their best Endeavours for the Discovery and Arresting the Bodies of them, and every of them, and being apprehended, to bring and cause to be brought forth with and without Delay, in safe Custody, before the Parliament, or Council of State, to be proceeded with, and ordered as Justice shall require: And if any Person shall knowingly conceal the said CHARLES STUART, or any his Abettors or Adherents, or shall not reveal the Places of their Abode, or Being, if it be in their Power so to do, The Parliament doth declare, that they will hold them as Partakers and Abettors of their traitorous and wicked Practices and Designs: And the Parliament doth further publish and declare, that whosoever shall apprehend the Person of the said CHARLES STUART, and shall bring,

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or cause him to be brought to the Parliament, or Council of State, shall have given or bestowed on him, or them, as a Reward for such Service, the Sum of One Thousand Pounds: And all Officers, Civil and Military, are required to be aiding and assisting unto such Person and Persons therein. Given at Westminster this Tenth Day of September, One Thousand Six Hundred Fifty One.

Ordered by the Parliament, That this Proclamation be forthwith printed and published.

Hen. Scobel, Cler. Parl.

London, Printed by John Field, Printer to the Parliament of England. 1651.

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THE foregoing Relation having brought his Majesty safe into *France*, it may not now be improper to give a short Recapitulation of the most memorable Transactions in *England*, till his happy Restoration. But we may first observe, that not one Dissenter, or Fanatick, was any Way concerned in this wonderful Preservation

X of

of his Majesty; the first we have seen were *Roman* Catholicks, viz. Colonel *Giffard*, Colonel *Careless*, the four *Penderels*, and their Brother-in-law *Tates*, the Wife of this last; Mr. *Whitgreave* and his Mother; Mr. *Wolfe*, and Mr. *Huddleston* the Priest, besides others, whose Names have not been preserv'd. That these were all *Roman* Catholicks, is undeniable; and their Families continue such to this Day. Colonel *Careless* for his Fidelity, had his Name changed into *Carlos*, and an honourable Addition made to his Coat of Arms, as it has been before related: The *Penderels* and *Tates* had each an hundred Pounds a Year settled on them and their Heirs for ever: And Mr. *Huddleston*, the Priest, had also an hundred Pounds *per Annum* allow'd him for his Life, and was by Name excepted in all Acts of Parliament made against Priests and *Roman* Catholicks, and particular Protection, as to the Point of Religion, was granted to the others concern'd in that Loyal Service to his Majesty, when the rest of the *Roman* Catholicks suffer'd for Conscience Sake. From the Time of the King's being put into the Hands of Colonel *Lane*, all the rest were sincere Professors of the Doctrine of the Church of *England*, as preserv'd in its Purity, without the Innovations

Innovations some have since labour'd to introduce, by blending its Principles with those of all Sectaries, hoping thereby to make it a mere *Babel*, that its true Flock may not be distinguished from other spurious Herds, and that the Sheep and the Goats may be brought into the same Fold; to which End, many Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing have intruded themselves, and those Thieves, who could not get in at the Door, have broke in at the Windows. But it is easy to distinguish between Hypocrisy and true Religion; and tho' a counterfeit Zeal may for some Time serve to bring about wicked Designs, yet Justice will at last prevail, as may appear by this Relation; we will therefore proceed to what ensued after what has been above-mentioned.

OLIVER Cromwel, the Famous Rebel-General, having after the Battle of *Worcester*, reduc'd *Scotland* by Force of Arms, an Union between the two Nations was presently projected; and tho' the like had been in vain attempted in the Reign of King *JAMES* the First, yet it was now brought about; and, by Consent of the Rebels of both Nations, it was agreed, that *England* and *Scotland* should be incorporated into one Common-wealth; as in Effect they were. Next *Cromwel*, who had

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secur'd the Army, compos'd of canting Hypocrites, the Officers being most Enthusiastick Preachers, and he their chief *Mufti*, turned out that infamous Assembly, which had so long assumed the Name of a Parliament, and picking out an hundred and forty-four Monsters as vile as the former, from the severall Counties of *England*, being all outrageous Fanaticks, put them into the Place of the others before expelled, where the first Thing they did, was to stile themselves *The Parliament of England*. Then falling upon a thorough Reformation, they declar'd Priesthood to be downright *Popery*: the paying of Tythes *Judaism*; the Laws of *England*, the Remains of the *Norman Yoke*; Schools and Colleges, Heathen Seminaries; and Nobility and Honours, contrary to Nature and Christianity; all which they were for suppressing: and actually did abolish all Courts of Judicature, and appointed all Persons to be married by Justices of the Peace.

Having thus run the Nation into the utmost Confusion, they, as had been before concerted, set up *Cromwel* to tyrannize over the Nation by the Title of *Protector*, with more than regal Power, for they allow'd him a standing Army of ten Thousand Horse, and fifteen Thousand Foot. In the Year 1653, that *Usurper* took the Govern-

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Government upon him, and held it to his Death, which happened on the 3d of *September* 1659. During that Time the Nation suffered more, as is usual under all *Usurpers*, than it had ever done before, or did since, under the most pretended Arbitrariness of its rightful Monarchs. Yet such is the Spirit of Rebellion, that no Examples of past Calamities are of Force to lay it; nor can Traytors ever be made sensible how much easier they are under the worst of Lawful Kings, than under the most indulgent of Intruders, any longer than the very Moment they groan under the insupportable Burdens laid on them by the Hand of a Tyrant, whom they have unjustly thrust into the Throne, thro' their own Malice and Folly, and whom Providence often suffers to sit there long for the Punishment of the Villains that raised him, as may be seen in many Instances, and particularly this of *Oliver Cromwell*.

Under him, Loyalty was Treason and Hypocrisy passed for Godliness; his Government was despotical; he spar'd none that were but suspected to bear him ill-will, and disposed of their Lives and Estates at Pleasure; *England* was by him divided into Provinces, under so many Major-Generals, whose Power was unlimited, being his own Creatures, and only accountable to him, who

who was sure to connive at all their Villainies, to secure them to his Party. The immense Sums of Money raised by him and his Predecessors in Usurpation, by the Name of a *Parliament*, far exceed all that the true Sovereigns of *England* had ever receiv'd since the Conquest; for it is a most certain Observation, that every successive Rebellion brings greater Oppression, with it, than any of the former; because *Trayors* and *Usurpers* continually improve upon one another, not only in the Methods of establishing their ill-gotten Power, but also in racking the People, as well to keep them humble, as to heap to themselves Treasure, to support their Authority, and to secure a Retreat in case of Need; because every one of them knowing himself to be no better than a Robber, is in perpetual Dread that the rightful Owner will one Time or other recover his own. Let such Miscreants pretend what they will, as to Titles and Claims, in order to blind the Ignorant, they cannot so much deceive themselves, but that their own Guilt keeps them upon a perpetual Rack, and is a Worm gnawing their Bowels; though *Satan* has so great an Influence as never to permit them to repent and do Justice to the injured Sufferers, yet Providence, in its own Time, will bring them to

to Confusion; for having made Use of them as a Rod to chastise the Sins of the Peolpe, they are at last despised, abhorred, and cast into the Fire.

Death having put a Period to *Oliver's* Tyranny, his Son *Richard* next stept into the Throne, was solemnly proclaimed and complimented from all Parts of the Nation, with a Multitude of *Addresses*, as has been frequently practised. Many have laboured to persuade the World, that this Wretch had no Inclination to accept of the Government; but these were meer Flights of others like him, who are ever for extolling, or where they dare not, for excusing of all *Ursurpers*. Nothing is more certain, than that he was proud of that false Grandeur; that he held it as long as he was able, and that he quitted it not by his good Will, but was ignominiously cast out by the same Instruments who had contributed to exalt his Father and himself; Providence so ordering, that there might be nothing but Confusion and Anarchy, till Justice again took Place.

Richard being thus expelled, at the End of a few Months, the next Monster in Power was the *Rump*, made up of forty-two of the virulent Members of the former *Rebel-House of Commons*, whose Names are fit to be preserved as a Monument of Infamy, and were,
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the Lord Munster, Harry Martin, White-
lock, Liſſe, Thomas Chalanen, Alderman
Arkins, Alderman Pennington, Thomas
Scot, Cornelius Holland, Sir Henry Vane,
Prideaux, Sir James Harrington, Lieute-
nant-General Ludlow, Michael Oldsworth,
Sir Arthur Haslerig, Jones, Colonel Pune-
ſay, Colonel White, Harry Neill, Say,
Blagrove, Colonel Bennet, Brewſten, Ser-
jeant Wild, John Goodwin, Nicholas
Lechmere, Auguſtin Skinner, Downes,
Dove, John Lenthal, Saloway, John Cor-
bet, Walton, Gilbert Willington, Gold, Co-
lonel Sydenham, Colonel Bingham, Colonel
Ayre, Smith, Colonel Ingoldsby, and Lieu-
tenant-General Fleetwood. Theſe being got
into the Houſe of Commons, kept the Poſ-
ſeſſion to themſelves, excluding fourteen
others as good as themſelves, who would
alſo have crowded in. They preſently
voted, that none ſhould ſit there who had
not ſate ſince the Year 1648; nor that they
thought the others any honeſter than them-
ſelves, but becauſe it was more advantageous
to themſelves, being ſo few in Number, to
govern all. Next they appointed a Council
of State, as they call'd it, to diſpoſe of all
the Places of Profit and Truſt, and of the
Treasure of the Nation, whoſe Names are
alſo fit to be remember'd; for by Names,
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good Observations may be made: They were, Sir Arthur Haslerig, Sir Henry Vane, Ludlow, J. Jones, Sydenham, Scot, Saloway, Fleetwood, Harrington, Walcot, Nevil, Chaloner, Downes, Whitelock, Morley, Sydney, Thompson, Dixwell, Reynolds, St. John, Wallop, Bradshaw, Lambert, Desborough, Fairfax, Berry, Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftsbury, Sir Horatio Townshend, Sir Robert Honeywood, Sir Archibald Johnston, and Josiah Berners. Now, there being no surer Support for Villany than Superstition, these Miscreants appointed a Day of Fasting; and to shew their Malice to the King and his Friends, whom they still fear'd, one of them could not forbear, upon that Occasion, expressing himself in these Words: *The Lord stir up the Hearts of his People to Prayer and sincere Humiliation, and fill them with Unanimity and Courage in this evil Time, and make the People to see, that whatever fair Pretences may be made use of the common Enemy to get Power into their Hands, yet should they prevail, no Man that has been of a Party against them heretofore, yea, no Man that has been a mere Neuter, but must expect that his private Estate, as well as the publick Liberty, shall become a Prey to a desperate Crew of ravenous and unreasonable*

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Men;

Men; for let but CHARLES STUART get in, and then to satisfy the Rabble of Followers, and the Payment of Foreigners to enslave you, you shall soon see them entail'd upon yourselves and your Posterity, to maintain the Pomp and Pride of a luxurious Court, and an absolute Tyranny.

Observe here the Language of *Rebels*; see what abominable Notions are inculcated to render a rightful Monarch odious. But they did not stop here, for the Rising in *Cheshire*, under Sir *George Booth*, having been suppressed by *Lambert*, those hellish *Saints* proceeded in flandering the Royal Family in a most outrageous Manner; and to crown all Villainies, after having murdered so many for Loyalty, they invented a Method to damn their Souls, if by ill Usage they could draw them into the Snare, which was by an *Abjuration-Oath*, to be rammed down the Throat of all Persons, and was in the following Words:

I A. B. do hereby declare, that I renounce the pretended Title of CHARLES STUART, and the whole Line of the late King JAMES, &c.

These People would not allow of Titles, or that Prince any Right to the Crown, and yet

yet they call'd him by his Name, not King or Prince, but CHARLES STUART, thereby owning him to be the Son of King CHARLES the First; tho' they also sometimes call'd him the *Pretender*. It is true, some private Villains had the Impudence to revile the Queen his Mother, a Princess of untainted Virtue; but that usurping Government never proceeded to attack her Reputation; they would have murdered her Son, as they had before her Husband, but did not deny him to be lawfully begotten.

To proceed, the *Rump*, which had begun to lord it, and set on foot the above-mention'd horrid *Abjuration-Oath*, falling out with the Army, were themselves, in *October*, turn'd out of Doors, and a Council of Military

Officers took upon them the Administration of the publick Affairs for some Days, till growing sensible that was a Province they knew nothing of, they put the Power into the Hands of a Pack of Knaves, under the Title of the *Committee of Safety*; their Names were, *Lambert, Desborough, Whitelock, Sir Harry Vane, Ludlow, Sydenham, Strickland, Berry, Lawrence, Harrington, Wareston, Ireton, Titchburn, Braudrith, Thompson, Hewson, Clarke, Lilburn, Bennet, and Cornelius Holland.*

General *Monk*, who had govern'd *Scotland* under *Oliver* and *Richard Cromwel*, and then under the *Rump*, perceiving the *English* Nation under a present Anarchy, thought fit to exert himself. I will not here flatter his Memory, by asserting he had so early a Design of restoring the King; many, who were well vers'd in the Transactions of those Times, would never allow him that Honour; neither will I go about to disprove those who have made it their Business to applaud him. It must be owned, he was at the Beginning of the Rebellion in the King's Service; and it is no less true, that he afterwards serv'd the Rebels several Years, being in all outward Appearance as stedfast in that Party, as the best of them, without ever endeavouring to thwart them, whilst the two *Usurpers* sat on the Throne, or the *Rump* took upon them the Name of a Parliament. We will not therefore dive into his secret Thoughts, but proceed to his Actions, in which, for a long Time, we shall see very little Tendency towards a Restoration.

As soon as the *Rump* was turned out, *Monk* declared against those Proceedings of the Army; possessed himself of several strong Places, and among them, of *Berwick*, *Lambert* was then sent against him, by the
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Thing call'd *A Council of State*, and Colonel *Collet* went from them to treat, whom *Monk* imprisoned, that he might not have the Opportunity of debauching his Forces. Hereupon a Project of a Free State was set on Foot in *England*, and Commissioners sent into *Scotland*, to consult with *Monk* about it. He resolved to amuse them, and sent Commissioners to treat in *London*, who agreed with those appointed by the *Committee of Safety*, upon several Articles; the first of which was,

THAT the pretended Title of CHARLES STUART, or any other Claiming from that Family, should be utterly renounced.

MONK having other Designs, would not ratify the Treaty; but having assembled the Nobility and Gentry of *Scotland*, whom he had before obliged by his Courtesy and mild Government, they promised to endeavour to preserve the Peace of the Nation during his Absence, and advanced him a Year's Tax. Whilst he was preparing there to execute his Projects, the People in *England*, and particularly the City of *London*, began to draw up Petitions for settling some more regular sort of Government, and particularly for that they called
a *Par-*

a *Parliament*, as if any such could be assembled without the King's Authority. But such an Assembly they were for, which those in Power endeavoured to obstruct, by publishing a Proclamation against any such Petitions, and ordered the pretended Lord Mayor not to suffer any to be signed. The young Fry of the City grew more boisterous upon this Prohibition; whereupon Colonel *Hewson* was sent into the City, with a Body of Horse, who finding the Shops shut, and a Multitude in the Streets, killed two or three, and dispersed the rest. However the Garrison of *Portsmouth* revolting, and worse Consequences being feared, the *Cabal*, which then sat at *Wallingford-House*, voted, that a Parliament should be called in *February* next. At the same Time Forces were sent to reduce *Portsmouth*; but they were easily induced to join with those they were to have subdued, and Vice-Admiral *Lawson* declared for calling again the *Long Parliament*. After much Contention, the *Rump* was again reinstated, and began to act as imperiously as before. One of their first Actions, was, the giving of the Government of the *Tower* to that Monster Sir *Anthony Askley Cooper*, the Idol of his Party, long after, though they joined *Weaver* and *Berners* in Commission with him.

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him. Whilst this was in Agitation, *Lambert's* Army mostly deserted him, some going over to *Monk*, and the rest returning to their former Quarters, *Lambert* himself, thus forsaken, was sent for by the *Rump*, to curb the Forces about *London*, which began to be outrageous.

This was the Posture of Affairs, when General *Monk* began to advance out of *Scotland*. The Gentry, in all Places he came to, making Suit to have the *Long Parliament* sit again, all whom he dismiss'd with ambiguous Answers, so that none could penetrate into his Designs, and in all Probability he then had resolv'd no more than to make his own Advantage according to Emergencies. The *Rump* dreading his Approach, resolv'd, that all Members discharged from sitting among them in the Years 1648 and 1649, should remain excluded from sitting for the future, and that Writs should be issued for electing others in their Places; none of which so elected were to be admitted without taking the *Oath of Abjuration* of CHARLES STUART, and the whole Line of King JAMES.

Upon this, *Monk* hastened to *London*, and took up his Lodging in *White-Hall*, like a little Monarch, and attended the *Rump*, to whom he made a canting Speech, as the Custom

Custom was then, hinting at a free State, and desired them to take heed of Cavaliers and Fanaticks. Then, by Order of the *Council of State*, and *Rump*, he marched into the City, demanded the Assessment they had refused to pay, and threw down their Gates, Posts, and Chains. For this good Service he was so well rewarded by his then Masters, that they reduced him from a General to a Colonel, only making him one of the Seven, who were to have the Command of the Army. *Monk*, thus roughly handled, thought it high time to secure himself; and accordingly having recourse to his own Forces, which he brought out of *Scotland*, they resolved to stand by him, to join with the City, and to declare for a Free Parliament. This was immediately put in Execution, and a Letter to that Effect sent to the Speaker, whilst all the Bells of the City were rung for Joy, and at Night all the Streets were full of Bonfires. Next the secluded Members were summoned to meet him at *Whitehall*, whence they were conducted to the *House of Commons*, and there confirm'd the Vote they had made in the Year 1648, when they had been forced thence, *That the Concessions of the late King were a sufficient Ground to proceed on for settling the Peace of the Nation.* This was in *February*, 1659. Next they

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they appointed *Monk* General of all the Forces in *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*; and having settled a Council of State to govern the three Nations, on the 16th of *March* ensuing dissolved themselves, after having taken upon them to issue Writs for the calling of another Parliament.

Whilst the Council of State govern'd, *Lambert*, who had been committed to the *Tower*, making his Escape, gather'd a considerable Body of the discontented Forces, which had been disbanded about *Warwick*; but Colonel *Ingoldsby*, sent by General *Monk*, easily routed and took him Prisoner. This settled Series of Confusions had so exhausted the People, that Oppression open'd their Eyes, to perceive there could never be any Hopes of Peace or Happiness, 'till Justice were done to their much injur'd King. The Royalists took Heart, and ventur'd to appear again; the *Presbyterians*, who had been the Incendiaries, and set the Nation in a Flame, being intirely crush'd by the *Independants*, thought it their safest Course to join with the *Cavaliers*, not out of any loyal Principles, (for where could any be among those who had maliciously shed so much Blood to destroy their Sovereign?) but believing their former Villainies might be forgot, and themselves above those who had been all along Sufferers for Justice.

In the mean time *Monk* had received a Message from the King by Sir *John Greenville*, to whom he return'd such mysterious Answers as he was wont to give to others. On the 25th of *April*, 1660, that happy Year ever to be blessed by such as retain the least Spark of Loyalty, the new Parliament met, the Lords being also admitted to sit in their own House; so that something of the ancient Constitution began to appear; the two Estates, that is the Lords Temporal and the Commons, being again in their Places, tho' there still wanted the third Estate, being the Lords Spiritual, and the Head and Sovereign of them all, *viz.* His Sacred Majesty. Those two Estates so convened, perceiving the whole Expectation of the so long oppressed People lay upon them, to find some Expedient to deliver them from so many Calamities, took the true and only Method for securing the Peace and Felicity of these Kingdoms, by restoring of the King; and accordingly, on the 8th of *May*, CHARLES the Second was proclaim'd King of *England, Scotland, France, and Ireland*. The true and sincere Joy of the constant Loyalists, who had for so many Years lived in a worse than *Egyptian* Thraldom, is not to be expressed; they had sufficient Reason to rejoice, who had suffer'd so much for their Sovereign, and

and been the Object of the Malice and Contempt of all usurping Powers, whose chief Care it had always been to oppress and keep them under. The old *Rebels*, who had missed their Aim, having been themselves crushed, when they had hunted their King down, by another treacherous Crew like themselves, struck in with the truly loyal Party, and would be thought to exult in the bringing home of their King; whereas, in reality, it was to see the Downfal of their late Task-masters, who had handled them as roughly as if they had never been the Beginners and Carriers on of the Rebellion. The Multitude which for so many Years had cry'd out, *Crucify Him*, now joined in *Hosanna's*.

Thus all seemed unanimous in bringing home their *David*. His Majesty, in the mean time, sends to the Parliament the Lord *Mordaunt* and Sir *John Greenville*, with a Promise of Pardon to all Persons in general, except such as the Parliament should think fit to be excepted; referred the Purchasers of Crown and Church Lands to the said Parliament, and gave the Soldiers Assurances of their Arrears, and future Encouragement. The King's Letters and Declaration having been read, six Commissioners were named by the Lords, and twelve by the Commons, to

go over to *Breda*, to return his Majesty their humble Thanks, and intreat his speedy coming over, to take upon him the Administration of the Government.

In the mean time all Things were dispos'd for his Majesty's Reception, and the Fleet sent over under the Command of General *Montague*. The King embarked on *Wednesday* the 23d of *May*, on board the *Naseby*, whose Name he alter'd, calling it the *Charles*, and with a fair Gale soon arriv'd within two Leagues of *Dover*. There he landed on *Friday* the 25th, being met on the Shore by General *Monk*, with whom, and the Dukes of *York* and *Gloucester*, his two Royal Brothers, he proceeded by Coach to *Dover*. After a short Stay there, his Majesty was conducted by the General, with a Guard of Horse, and great Numbers of the Nobility and Gentry, besides an infinite Multitude of the meaner Sort, to *Canterbury*, and there receiv'd and entertain'd by the Mayor and other Magistrates in their Formalities, who presented him with a rich Bible, and a Gold Cup full of broad Pieces, as an Acknowledgment of their Duty. The King continu'd at *Canterbury* all *Saturday* and *Sunday*, the 26th and 27th, with all his Retinue; and on *Monday* the 28th went on, first to *Cobham-Flatt*, a House belonging to the Duke
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of *Richmond*, in *Kent*, and then to *Rocheſter*. On *Tueſday* the 29th, that glorious Day, ever to be thankfully remember'd, he ſet out for *London*, the Number of Nobility and Gentry about him ſtill increaſing, and ſeveral Regiments of the beſt Horſe making a Guard for him, whilſt the innumerable Crowds of the common Sort ſtrew'd all the Roads with Herbs and Flowers, and hung the Trees and Hedges with Garlands. He made a ſhort Stay at *Black-Heath*, to view the Army drawn up there, and about One o'Clock came to *St. George's Fields*, where the Lord Mayor and Aldermen waited in a Tent to receive him. *Allen*, then Lord Mayor, delivered his Majeſty the City Sword, and received it again with the Honour of Knighthood. A ſplendid Entertainment was there provided, of which the King took Part, and then the ſolemn Cavalcade was continued. From the Bridge to Temple-Bar the Streets were rail'd on the one Side with diſtinct Standings for the ſeveral Liveries, and the other lined by the Train'd Bands, and Gentlemen Volunteers, all in white Doublets, under Sir *John Starwell*. The Manner of this triumphal Proceſſion was as follows:

First marched a Troop of Gentlemen, all in Silver Doublets, with drawn Swords, being

being in Number about three hundred, besides their Servants, and led by Major-General *Brown*.

Another Troop of about an hundred, in Velvet Coats, their Footmen in Purple Liveries.

A Troop under Sir *John Robinson*, with Buff Coats, Cloth of Silver Sleeves, and green Scarfs.

A Troop of about two hundred, in blue Coats laced with Silver, their Standard fring'd with Silver.

Another Troop with fix Trumpets, their Standard Pike fring'd with Silver, their Footmen in Liveries of Sea Green, laced with Silver.

Another Troop of above two hundred and twenty, their Standard Sky, fring'd with Silver, with four Trumpets and thirty Footmen, the Troop under the Earl of *Northampton*.

Another Troop of an hundred and five, in grey Coats, led by the Lord *Goring*, with fix Trumpets, and their Standard Sky, with Silver Fringes.

Another Troop of seventy.

Another Troop of about three hundred Noblemen and Gentlemen, under the Lord *Cleveland*.

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Another Troop of about an hundred, their Standard black.

Another Troop of three hundred, led by the Lord *Mordant*. All these Troops finely mounted, and richly accoutred.

Next follow'd two Trumpets, with his Majesty's Arms.

The Sheriffs Men, seventy-two in Number, in red Cloaks laced with Silver, and carrying Half-pikes.

A Troop of divers Persons out of several Companies of *London*, all in Velvet Coats, with Gold Chains, each Parcel having their respective Streamers and Footmen, with different Liveries.

Twelve Ministers on Horseback.

His Majesty's Life-Guard, led by Sir *Gilbert Gerrard*, and Major *Roscarrock*.

The City-Marshal, with eight Footmen, and the City-Waits and Officers.

The two Sheriffs, with all the Aldermen of *London*, in their Scarlet Gowns and rich Trappings, their Footmen in red Coats laced with Silver, and Waistcoats of Cloth of Gold.

The Maces and Heralds in their rich Coats.

The Lord Mayor bare, carrying the Sword.

The

The Duke of *Buckingham* and General *Monk*, both bare.

Then the King, between his two Brothers the Dukes of *York* and *Gloucester*.

Next a Troop bare, with white Colours.

The General's Life-Guard.

Another Troop of Gentry.

Lastly, Five Regiments of Horse, with Back, Breast, and Head-pieces.

The Cavalcade was closed by a vast Number of Gentry and others on Horseback, richly clad and accoutred; the whole Number of it amounting to above twenty thousand Horse. The Streets all the way from *Southwark* to *Whitehall* were hung with Tapestry and rich Silks.

In this Manner his Majesty was conducted to *Whitehall*, where both Houses of Parliament waited upon him in the *Banqueting-house*, where he was congratulated in their Names by the Earl of *Manchester* for the *House of Lords*, and Sir *Harbottle Grimston* for the *Commons*. That Night was entirely devoted to Joy in all Parts, the Conduits in the City running Wine, and the Streets being made as light as Day with the Number of Bonfires.

Having thus brought his Majesty home with such universal Appearance of Satisfaction, there remains nothing to add to that
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most auspicious Day, and the undeserved Blessing then bestowed upon an ungrateful Generation. It is true, the Parliament, in that zealous Fit, with good Reason, established a perpetual Anniversary to be observed on the 29th of *May*, which had not only restored the King to his Right, but these three Nations to a State of Bliss, had they known how to value and preserve it; but that was not their Fate, Fanatick Rage was covered over for a while, but not quench'd: The old Spirit of Rebellion soon broke the slight Fetters which had confined it, and actuated even those Wretches whom the King had loaded with undeserved Honours and Preferments for their pretended Loyalty, after they had been so many Years exercising their Malice openly against the Royal Family. Mercy and Goodness degenerate into Vice, when they exceed their proper Bounds; the greatest Fault in that good King (for what Mortal is free from Frailties) was the preferring his known Enemies, who fawn'd upon him when they could do him no more Harm, and the slighting of those who had sacrificed their All in performing their Duty to his Royal Father and himself. The Court swarm'd with none so much as those, who had been the chief Instruments in bringing CHARLES the First to an

End so shameful to the Nation; the *Rebel Generals*, the first *Ringleaders* of the Multitude to Mutiny, and the very *Rumpers*, who had gone through the whole Course of Villainy, appeared glittering in the highest Posts, and looking down with Scorn on those heroick Sufferers whom Loyalty had reduc'd to Want and Beggary. His Majesty was soon made sensible of the Error he had been led into, by the Malice and Avarice of those who being intent upon aggrandizing their own Families, regarded not his Interest, but made all Preferments venal, and did not stick to share among themselves even those Estates which the *Usurpers* had taken from such as had been their Enemies, and the King's sincere Friends. Thus was his Majesty put into the Hands of those who were for making of him a glorious Prince, in the same Manner as they had done his Father; and indeed he was by Degrees brought to the Brink of Ruin. The Fanaticks never ceas'd practising against him from his first being settled on the Throne, 'till it pleas'd God to rescue him, in his own Time, from their bloody Designs. They began early to disturb his Reign, and his Mercy encouraged them still to grow more insolent. What Affronts were not offer'd him by Lords and Commons? What greater Escape could he have, after

after his former, before the Restoration, than that he had at *Oxford*, from the bloody Designs there laid against him? unless it were that of the *Rye-house*, so close carry'd, and so near the Execution, for destroying at one Stroke all the Royal Family, had not Providence, in a miraculous Manner, prevented and detected it. The *Oxford* and the *Rye-house* Escapes may be reckon'd Second and Third Restorations: That sacred Life was wonderfully both Times preserved, which restored Happiness to these Kingdoms whilst it lasted; but it was too great a Blessing to be of long Continuance, and it was decreed, that a perverse People should suffer for their Ingratitude.

A further DESCRIPTION of the several Forms of GOVERNMENT, which by Turns prevailed, during the grand Usurpation.

NO sooner had we rejected that *excellent Prince*, who only had *Right*, by all *Laws Human and Divine, to reign over us*, but presently many of our Fellow-subjects took upon them to be our Princes, and to govern us arbitrarily at their own Pleasure, in order to their own avaricious and ambitious Ends; and that first in an *Aristocratical Way*, and as a *Senate or Council of State*, wherein nothing could be done without Consent of some of the *Nobility and Gentry*. But it was not long (after *Royalty* was gone) but *Nobility* followed, and was excluded also. And then came *Democracy*, or the Government of the common People by their own Representatives only; which encreased the Number of our Princes, and the Vileness of our Slavery, by the Meanness of our Masters. But these, their own *Mercenaries*, did quickly deprive them of the Power they had usurped and abused; and then came in *Stratocracy*, or the Government by the Sword, and thereby we had as *many Princes* as there were *Barrons*, or *Major-Generals*, who perhaps, if

if they had out-liv'd their great *Sultan*, would have *canton'd* the Kingdom, and erected their several Provinces into so many several Principalities. By this very Means the very *Name* of *Liberty* and *Property*, which were before pretended, were quite taken away; only there was *Liberty* enough, and too much, indeed, a lawless, boundless *Licence*, in *Matters of Religion*, all Ways of worshipping God being allow'd, but the true one; and all admitted to the sacred Function, but such as were *lawfully called* unto it: In the mean time every *Sect* had its *Head*, and every one that was *Head* of a *Sect*, was *Prince* of a Party; so that we have *seen* what it is to have *many Princes*, nay we have *felt* it to be a sore Judgment, by the terrible *Effects* of it; which did spread themselves over the Face, and thro' the Veins, and into the Bowels of the three Kingdoms; at once embracing, involving, and confounding all Places, Persons, and all Conditions, publick and private, high and low, sacred and prophane; for from the King in his Throne, to the Beggar in the Dust, no Thing, Place or Person almost hath been without *feeling* some or other the terrible *Effects* of this *Judgment*. How many have lost their Limbs, their Liberty, their Country, their Estates, their Friends, and have been reduced to extreme Poverty, both
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at home and abroad? How many goodly Buildings and *Churches* (the glorious Evidences and Monuments of our Ancestors Piety and Charity) have been prophan'd and defac'd? How many poor innocent Persons of both Sexes, all Ages, and all Conditions, have been either murder'd, or banish'd, or imprison'd, or oppress'd with Extortion of all Kinds, and of all Degrees, without any Possibility of Help, or Hope of Remedy? Lastly, How many poor Souls, for which *Christ* died, have been betray'd into *Rebellion* and *Sacrilege*, *Schism* and *Heresy*, *Uncharitableness* and *Cruelty*, by the horrible *Abuse* of *Preaching*, *Praying*, *Fasting*, *Vowing*, and all other the sacred Ordinances of God? *Bishop Morley's Sermon at the magnificent Coronation of King CHARLES II.*

When a violent victorious *Faction* and *Rebellion* had over-run all, and made Loyalty to the King, and Conformity to the Church, Crimes unpardonable, and of a Guilt not to be expiated, but at the Price of Life or Estate; when Men were put to *swear* away all Interest in the next World, to secure a very poor one in this, (for they had then *Oaths* to murder Souls, as well as *Sword* and *Pistol* for the Body) nay, when the Persecution run so high, that that execrable Monster *Cromwell* made and publish'd that barbarous
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and heathenish, or rather inhuman *Edict*, against the poor suffering Episcopal Clergy, that *they should neither preach nor pray in publick, nor baptize, nor marry, nor bury, nor teach School; no, nor so much as live in any Gentleman's House*, who in meer Compassion might be inclin'd to take them in from perishing in the Street; that is, in other Words, that they must starve, and die *ex officio*, and being turn'd out of their *Churches*, take Possession only of the *Church-yard*, as so many Victims to the remorseless Rage of a foul, ill-bred Tyrant, professing Piety, without so much as common Humanity: I say, when Rage and Persecution, Cruelty and *Cromwellism*, were at that diabolical Pitch, tyrannizing over every thing that looked like Loyalty, Conscience, and Conformity, so that he who took not their *Engagement* could not take any thing else, tho' it were given him, being thereby debarred from the common Benefit of the Law, in suing for, or recovering of his Right in any of their Courts of Justice, (all of them still following the Motion of the *High One*) yet even then, and under that dismal State of Things, there were many Thousands who never bowed the Knee to *Baal-Cromwell*, *Baal-Covenant*, or *Baal-Engagement*. Dr. South.

Who

Who that looked upon *Agathocles* handling the Clay, and making Pots under his Father, and afterwards turning Robber, could have thought that from such a Condition he should come to be King of *Sicily*? Who that had seen *Masfianello*, a poor Fisherman in a red Cap, and his Angle, could have reckon'd it possible to see such a pitiful Thing, within a Week after, shining in his Cloth of Gold, and, with a Word or Nod, absolutely commanding the whole City of *Naples*? And who, that had beheld such a Bankrupt, beggarly Fellow as *Cromwell*, first entering the Parliament-house with a thread-bare Coat, torn Cloak, and a greasy Hat, (and perhaps neither of them paid for) could have suspected that, in the Space of so few Years, he should, by the Murder of one King, and the Banishment of another, ascend the Throne, be invested in the Royal Robes, and want nothing of the State of a King, but the changing of his Hat into a Crown.

Idem.

F I N I S.

